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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Introductory	1
Torquay and Torbay	21
Dartmouth	92
Teignmouth	110
Newton Abbot	129
Totnes	152
Kingsbridge	172
Index	208

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

1.	Fore Street, Totnes	*Frontispiece*
		FACING PAGE
2.	A Devonshire Cottage	16
3.	Torquay	32
4.	Babbacombe, Torquay	64
5.	Anstis Cove, Torquay	66
6.	Compton Castle	72
7.	Paignton	82
8.	Brixham	88
9.	The Butterwalk, Dartmouth	92
10.	Bayard's Cove, Dartmouth	96
11.	Fosse Street, Dartmouth	104
12.	Dittisham, on the Dart	106
13.	Kingswear, Dartmouth	108
14.	Teignmouth from Shaldon	116
15.	Teignmouth and The Ness	120
16.	Dawlish	124
17.	St Leonard's Tower, Newton Abbot	128

PAGE

18. Bradley Woods, Newton Abbot . . . 144
19. Berry Pomeroy Castle 160
20. Salcombe 174
21. Kingsbridge 176
22. Salcombe Castle 184
23. Bolt Head, Salcombe 192
24. Brent 204

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SOUTH DEVON

INTRODUCTORY

PERHAPS there is no rigorously defined region included under the title of South Devon, but there is a general idea that it may be said to be within a line from Teignmouth to Modbury, spreading inward in an irregular sort of way. Without any doubt the principal place within the area, though it cannot by any means be called a capital or centre, is Torquay. It has the largest total of population, and it is also the most considerable place of local government in the district, besides being the largest borough, though also the most recent in creation, too. It would flatter Torquinians not a little to suggest it had a Capital character; but it has not quite that qualification, though it is easily first in its own particular way, and there is no flattery at all in saying this. The town is perhaps cosmo-

politan—at times—rather than metropolitan, and, after all, it is only a matter of words and not of moment. No other place in South Devon has such attractions, and it is proper to mention its position in relation to the area which will be dealt with as we go. Curiously enough, while it has a great, or considerable, seaboard, it has no great commerce by sea; though, again, it is not without signs of activity in that direction. And it believes in itself so thoroughly, as a town of such fine position has right to do, that it has founded, and keeps in active operation, a Chamber of Commerce. This is a healthy condition of things, and quite upsets the idea that climate in South Devon is responsible for the air of *dolce far niente* which so many say is the spirit of the district.

This much is said to show that the beautiful portion of Devon which will come under notice is not without that sign of active everyday life so many seek to find, even when in search of sunshine and the picturesque, liking this to be flavoured with the practical. There are other practical towns in the area, towns that make no pretence to being resorts, which serve useful purposes in the economy of things, places in which business and push are perhaps more evident; but we shall see that in all

of them the visitor will find much charm and enjoyment. It is not intended to set up comparisons between places, but, as far as possible, to show what are the charms of this delightful district: not with overlaid detail, but with a light touch, so that the enjoyment may be more complete by allowing for the seeking out of some beauties not set forth, possibly. There is no pretence that this is an exhaustive treatment of the subject, but simply one for the good enjoyment of it.

In dealing with a district, it seems wise to have a point upon which interest may centre, and in this case the natural course is to make Torquay the place. If other towns were consulted, there might be other views, and perhaps excellent reasons for them. But no such consultation has been thought of, and yet there is no "axe to grind" for anywhere. The places considered will be pleased to accept this enunciation, and readers no doubt will not trouble about it. They, it is to be hoped, will be pleased also. And if they have not yet known South Devon, it is hard if, when they make its acquaintance—thoroughly, it is to be hoped,—they will not be pleased indeed.

People of South Devon are as confident that their section is the most delightful of any portion

of the county—or of the country—as are they of North Devon as to theirs; and good is it that they hold this view. It pleases them and does no harm to anybody. It is a spirit of patriotism that is worth encouraging, in these days when patriotism is none too marked anywhere in the land, or of it. Devonians are clannish to a degree, and they of the South as keen as their Northern cousins. There is a touch of the Kelt about the whole of them, and yet perhaps they are stronger Devonians outside the county than in it. Some leave the county for its good, some for their own, and they who stay do so for excellent motives—if only to care for that increasing multitude of visitors who are finding out, or trying to discover, the whole extent of the attractiveness of Devon. And it is a curious thing that the persons who become Devonian by residence end in being as warm county-folk as they to the manner born. It is in the air and soil, and even in the tears that are said to fall so much from heaven in Devon—though this, too, perhaps, has had exaggeration.

To persons of an artistic or poetic temperament the glamour of South Devon, its colour and its atmosphere, is something more than a phantasy; it is real enough. All the same, it is not necessary

to be only of the temperament indicated to appreciate nature's gifts. It is, too, a land for the practical person, for it is a fruitful land, giving back amply for the work done. Nature is lavish in reward, and of course, and equally, if there is no work she will revert to the wild more quickly than elsewhere. This is but looking at facts practically.

The age may be practical and "up to date," but to many there is great charm in a country or a district that has had a past. The past of South Devon has been very glorious, in common, it must be said, with all parts of the famous shire, from—and before—Queen Elizabeth's day to the present time. Poets of the county, of the past, may perhaps have held a brief that has a prepossessed air about it, but this inspiration had gripped their imaginations very thoroughly. Thus sang William Browne, author of *Britannia's Pastorals*, somewhere between the years 1590 and 1645:

> "Hail then, my native soil! thou blessed plot,
> Whose equal all the world affordeth not!
> Show me who can so many crystal rills,
> Such sweet-clothed valleys, or aspiring hills;
> Such woods, grand pastures, quarries, wealthy mines,
> Such rocks in which the diamond fairly shines;
> And if the earth can show the like again,
> Yet will she fail in her sea-ruling men.

Time never can produce men to o'ertake
The fames of Grenville, Davis, Gilbert, Drake,
Or worthy Hawkins, or of thousands more
That by their power made the Devonian shore
Mock the proud Tagus; for whose richest spoil
The boasting Spaniard left the Indian soil
Bankrupt of store, knowing it would cost
By winning this, though all the rest were lost."

The native-born, and the visitor who has grown to know the district familiarly, can ask the same question to-day as did Browne, in relation to the sparkling rills, and with the same spirit. South Devon is essentially a land of rippling rills, clear and crystal-like, making music the livelong day and year. It is the complaint of some that rain and shower and mist play too prominent a place in the weather scheme here, but they make for beauty, charm, and also for utility. They course adown the "aspiring hills" of the poet, through the "sweet-clothed valleys," anon amid woods, and then quietly along the "grand pastures," finding their way, ever and anon, into the many rivers that go singing to the sea. The rivers of South Devon are no sluggish-moving streams, with motion barely perceptible, but, in most instances, quick-moving, vigorous torrents, impetuous and living, typical of the race whose lives are worked

out within sight and sound of them. There be they who, while they are ready to admit the landscape charms of Devon, complain of its "aspiring hills," as though there could be such beauty as there is in any otherwise! And it is, on the whole, probably a good thing that they who tracked out and made the original roads, took them over the hills rather than through the bottom of the valleys, so that they who use them, at least for enjoyment and recreation, have much more delight thereby than it they passed along the lower way only. There is no monotony in a journey that has ups and downs in it, and South Devon is altogether a country of movement and of change, which is perhaps the secret of its greatest charm. No one can complain that any part of the shire is monotonously flat, and it is questionable if there is a flat and straight mile of roadway in this section of the country. Of course, coupled with this curving up and down and round and about is the great charm of greenery.

There is a county of England to which attaches a phrase giving force to its glorious leafage, and Devon might almost be equally entitled to the honour. Its climate is such that quite early in the year the leaf begins to appear, and for the

same reason stays gloriously beautiful, in many tints, well into the winter months. At Christmas, in snug corners in the woods and hedges may be found the gentle primrose, and frequently the blossoms last until the following May. As to ferns South Devon is a very paradise; indeed, it is now many years ago that Francis George Heath—a South Devon man, by the way—wrote a book, *The Fern Paradise*, in which he says: "Those only who have explored the Devonshire coast . . . along the English Channel on the south, and who are also familiar with the interior of the county, can properly realise the extreme magnificence of its landscapes. But we believe that thousands of the tourists who annually visit the western 'Garden of England'—for Devonshire well deserves that appellation,—whilst deeply impressed with the general loveliness of the county, nevertheless find it difficult to explain what it is that lends the peculiar character of softness and grace to the scenery. Here is the secret. The whole county is richly and luxuriantly clothed with ferns. The number and variety of the most exquisite forms of these beautiful plants to be found in Devonshire are equalled by those of no other county in the United Kingdom. Devonshire is emphatically the

'paradise' of the British ferns. . . . They clothe its hill-sides and its hill-tops; they grow in the moist depths of its valleys; they fringe the banks of its streams; they are found in the recesses of its woods; they hang from rocks and walls and trees, and crowd into the towns and villages, fastening themselves with sweet familiarity even to the houses. Devonshire abounds in warm, moist, and shady nooks; and ferns delight in warmth, moisture, and shade. . . . It is, then, the beautiful and unrivalled forms of fern-life which fling over Devonshire scenery its almost indescribable charm." This is, of course, the verdict of an enthusiast; and yet it is not far from true.

But there is, too, the glory of wild flowers that has also its influence and charm. There is—yet—great wealth of daffodils in the spring-time; but, alas! the haunts of these are also the haunts of the flower-poacher and fern-thief, against whom, at last, the county has moved with the force of law. And, too often, the despoiler is not one of the common herd, but a person who could well afford to let the flowers and ferns of Devon continue to increase and multiply. In many parts of this section of Devon there is great profusion of periwinkle (large and small), white scented violet, and

primrose in the early year; and, later, the air is full of perfume from gorse, honeysuckle, and other common blossoms. The hedges of the typical Devonshire lanes are veritable gardens from early spring. These lanes are very ancient, but they have gained in charm in the centuries during which they have existed. Even the highways in many places are big lanes, with hedgerows and tall trees at the sides giving their share of beauty and delight. The old proverb, "It is a long lane which has no turning," was not made in Devonshire, and certainly not in South Devon, where the lanes are particularly striking. But it is also apparent that the saying, "Marriage is like a Devonshire lane," was locally made, because when you are in it there is no getting out. Pertinent to this are words of the Rev. John Marriott in his *Marriage is like a Devonshire Lane*:

> "Then the banks are so high, to the left hand and right,
> That they shut up the beauties around them from sight!
> And hence, you'll allow, 'tis an inference plain,
> That marriage is just like a Devonshire lane."

Which is, perhaps, rather a prejudiced view to take of both the lane and marriage; though the charm of both is set forth more fairly in the following verses:

"But thinks I, too, these banks, within which we are pent,
With bud, blossom, and berry are richly besprent;
And the conjugal fence, which forbids us to roam,
Looks lovely when decked with the comforts of home.

. . . . . .

Then long be the journey, and narrow the way
I'll rejoice that I've seldom a turnpike to pay;
And, whate'er others say, be the last to complain,
Though marriage is just like a Devonshire lane."

No part of Devon is so full of lanes as South Devon; they run in every direction. Indeed, some of these byways are quite respectable roadways, though still of the genus. It has been pointed out that they are deep in the valleys, and deeper, not infrequently, than the surrounding country. An anonymous writer has dealt with the subject so admirably, it is well to quote: "Why the lanes should run so deep below the general surface—this one is cut down about seven or eight feet beneath the level of the fields on either side—has often puzzled a casual visitor; but, in truth, they were not made, they have been simply worn so. It is the ceaseless usage of ages that has cut them down to their existing depth, and the ruts of the wheels are cutting them still deeper at the present day. The wear and tear they have undergone is the best proof of their immemorial antiquity. For the lanes

are far older than the high-roads, which often have to dip down in order to cross them; and just here one can see how the ancient line avoids the new-fangled town that dates only from the days of the Plantaganets, but keeps right on from point to point of the earlier villages, with names lost in the philological mist of Keltic times. The Roman ridge-ways on the chalk still stand high above the downs instead of falling flush to the level; and so, on the chalk there are no lanes, because the water sinks in instead of running off along the surface and cutting itself a pathway. For the same reason, chalk has no glens or watercourses, only long swelling ridges and basin-shaped hollows; it weathers evenly and smoothly in every part. But here, on the sandstone, the rain soon carves out deep cleaves (as we call them) for the little brooks, and so the sandstone is a country of Devonshire valleys and Devonshire lanes. As soon as human feet or cart-wheels have made a little runnel for the water to flow in, it continues to scoop out a channel for itself, till at last it cuts down the lane to a depth of several feet below the surface. Horses, too, help the work forward by loosening the middle soil, and the rain then washes away the softer sandy parts, leaving only the central ridge of

worn pebbles in their midst. Often enough one can prove that the lane is older than the Roman road itself, because the Roman road dips or diverges to meet it; and in other cases the lane religiously avoids a mound or earthwork which the Roman road ruthlessly cuts through. It must be thousands of years since some of these rude trackways first began to be; and in their meaningless meanderings one can easily read the fact that they grew up from mere accidental use, like modern footpaths, instead of being definitely laid out and engineered, like modern roads. It is one of the great charms of our Devonshire lanes that they twist thus irresponsibly from angle to angle; for every one of their elbows brings us face to face with a fresh view, and every one of their topmost turning-points brings us down with two brace of petty torrents at our side into the valley of a fresh streamlet, brawling and bustling over its pebbly little ford below."

Without quite knowing why, comers to Devon enjoy the drives and walks they take through its lanes, and these do exert an attractive influence much more than may be credited. Thoughtful visitors may hereafter realise that these charming ways have had much to do with the growth and

history of the county, and on that account may be regarded with some degree of veneration. Says King: "An old Devonshire hedge, a venerable earthwork, which has mingled in the lives of generation after generation from the days of Wolfhard or the Godwyne who first raised it, is often one of the best guardians of the natural antiquities of the country." Sir Walter Raleigh, in one of his reports, expressed his poor opinion of these roads. At that time probably all the ways were more or less lanes, though he is believed to have referred to the Foss Way. He said ordnance could not be carried over them from Exeter to Plymouth, for the way was too narrow and too bad for the hauling of guns by horses. Later still, in the days of the Civil War, old Fuller was by no means enamoured of the roads in wet and wintry weather. That he keenly appreciated some of their summer-time quality is clear enough, too; for then, as to-day, the Devonshire lane was the wild-strawberry garden. Said he of the berry: "Most toothsome to the palate (I mean if with claret wine or sweet cream); and so plentiful in this county that a traveller may gather them sitting on horseback, in their hollow highways." Thus, centuries ago, it will be seen, these thorough-

fares were "hollow highways," and they have gained in depth since then.

Second, perhaps, in attractiveness to the green lanes are the picturesque cottages which come to view frequently where other lanes join, and also by the roadway itself. They lie, too, in all sorts of nooks: generally near a brook, frequently with a small orchard close at hand, and now and again perched on the hillside. Devonshire cottages are considered in the eyes of many to contrast unfavourably, as to picturesqueness, with those of some other counties. It may be said they are different. Compared with some of the very old half-timbered cottages of Warwickshire and the Midlands, those of Devon do not present the same type of picturesqueness, but they are, after that, very charming to look at. Some are very old, as the dates on them indicate, and there may be others more aged still. It is those with cob-walls and thatched roofs that catch the eye most quickly, with their whitey-grey, or even white, walls, and with thatch of colour running from that of comparatively new "reed" to deep brown and brownish green. There are patches of house-leek, stone-crop, and other things here and there, and in some cases trailing ivy and other rambling growths over the roof. Some of the cob-

walls are very old indeed, and are not confined to use as walls of cottages only; and when they are so used, are frequently roofed with slate to throw off the rain, so as to avoid decay. These walls are said to be warm and to favour large crops upon fruit trees that may be adjacent to them. It is the cob-walled cottage and walled garden that charms the visitor. The cottages are usually low, with a story above the ground floor, the windows of which are small and frequently run right up into the thatch, an opening in which is made for each. The roof runs out well over the walls, so that the cottage may be called low-browed, the upper windows peeping out as eyes, giving a curious, squat appearance. These cottages suggest warmth and cosiness, but perhaps do not conform to the fullest demands of hygiene. Yet the dwellers therein seem to lead healthy lives in the main, owing, no doubt, to the outdoor existence of most of the inhabitants, even down to the very young. When such a cottage is clothed with creeping roses, honeysuckle, geraniums (as is not an infrequent thing), and other growths of equal beauty, it is a most picturesque object. A grouping of such into a cluster or a village is a very interesting sight; and if to this is added the charm of combe and a winding

A DEVONSHIRE COTTAGE
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brook or stream, the scene is pleasing. There are plenty of such in South Devon. Of course, there are many cottages of quite different type, mainly owing to the difference of material near at hand for building. Such are those built of granite, with their massive walls, grey-green and of many tints gained in the long weathering they have had. When these are thatched they certainly are more picturesque than when slated, though in this connection it may be pointed out that slate varies in colour and not infrequently is most harmonious, ageing into tints and shades of green, yellow, and red, produced by the minute vegetation that has secured a footing on it. When thus, the granite-slated cottage is picturesque and attractive. But the tiled weather-worn roof with its variations of red and brown, and the old stained brick walls with such glorious touches of colour, common in some parts of the land, are not to be found in Devon, though there is plenty of brick-making clay about. Now there are not a few brickworks, but these are the developments of later years, and cottages of such materials have not yet had time to get old and picturesque by the aid of wind, rain, and sun. But, the facts being what they are, the Devonshire cottage, with its garden, small orchard, and

general setting, exerts its charm on the observant visitors whose tastes are at all toward the picturesque.

A land of such undulation as Devon, and particularly South Devon, has naturally many streams, and because of its varied contour it has full need of them. Also, for its full natural prosperity it requires a fairly moist climate, because rain runs rapidly from its hill-tops, the foundation of its springs, its rivulets, brooks, and rivers. It is a land full of such; and as the lesser goes naturally to the greater, it has a host of tributaries to a number of picturesque and beautiful rivers, not all navigable very far from where they join the sea, but all, perhaps, used more or less by the community for pleasure and for profit. The rivers of South Devon form no small factor in its attractiveness to the student of nature, the seeker after the picturesque, and those who desire simply a change and variation in their experience. From the charming little stream at Dawlish—the "Water"—as it passes by the Strand and falls with its gentle cascades to where it meets—frequently with stormy surges in the winter—the sea, all the way down the coast to the mouth of the Avon, are a number of beautiful rivers. At Teignmouth

the estuary of the Teign is most impressive and bold, the Ness rising majestically on its southern shore. Torbay seems to be the natural place to look for a river, and assuredly, in ages long past, one had flowed down from where now is Newton Abbot through the valley that leads to Torquay. Indeed, it is believed that was the earlier course of the Teign before it found its present way to the ocean. The Teign vies with the Dart in importance—at any rate, in the opinion of the dwellers at the mouth of each, and on the waters of both much commerce is borne. But as a port, the town at the sea gateway of the Dart has the longer history of the two, and has made more impress upon the story of the country and the empire. And no river of Devon has made such mark in legend and in story as the Dart. It is the river of Devon, and had a name of importance in Chaucer's day, for associated with it he has a character—the "shipman"—"For aught I woote he was of Dertemouthe." The coast of South Devon is certainly greatly indented, but not in all the spots where a river might naturally be looked for is one to be found. Such an opening is that between Prawle Point and Bolt Head, and this estuary runs from Salcombe up to Kingsbridge, about six miles or so,

in places very wide and spacious, but there is no river. To the westward of this the Avon joins the ocean, as does the Erme still further toward the setting sun. All these streams are beautiful, and all have their origin in the moorland country that lies beyond the area with which we are dealing. To the fisherman—either the salt-water genus, or he of the fresh water—these streams have great attractions. The naturalist will find the rivers' banks afford him much pleasurable enjoyment. The artist can find pictures innumerable; and though the craft has been browsing on the material for many long years, there are plenty of good things yet that those who have passed that way have not observed, for every artist sees new things where others have gone unheeding by. For those whose purpose of a visit to the shire is enjoyment solely—the seeking of a "go-easy" time—then by the rivers of South Devon; in its lanes, meadows, and uplands; and by its towering cliffs and sandy and pebbly shores, they may seek and find their fill. And that the case is not overstated, the pictures within the covers of this book will amply testify.

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TORQUAY AND TORBAY

Of course Torquay is the principal place on the shores of Torbay. As a town, too, it is perhaps the newest, and probably little Brixham—also as a town—is much more ancient, as even Paignton is. But this may hardly be mentioned in these latter days; for Torquay has been created in the two centuries from the date when it made its modern start. Despite all this, this spot has produced the strongest evidence that here man has dwelt, probably—so Worth says—from before palæolithic time, back beyond interglacial, even in preglacial days. No place in the kingdom has such pronounced and positive, not to say distinguished, claims to antiquity. Exploration of the famous Kent's Cavern here, and Windmill Hill Cave across the bay at Brixham, "settled," says Mr Worth, "with scientific investigators, the contemporaneity of man and the extinct mammalia, and

the high antiquity of the human race. Discoveries of flint and bone weapons and implements, pointing in the same direction, have also been made in the submerged forest beds of Torbay. Taking Torquay in its representative sense, we may fairly say, therefore, that while it is almost the youngest town in Devon, it is far and away the oldest settlement; and that its age is not to be measured by common standards of chronology, but by the expression in geological terms of the work done by natural forces since the appearance of the first traces of man. The latest expression of opinion by Mr Pengelly, F.R.S.—*the* authority on this special subject—is the probability of the inference that the hyæna did not reach the south of England until its last continental period, and that the men who made the palæolithic nodule-tools found in the oldest known deposit in Kent's Cavern, arrived either during the previous great submergence, or, what is more probable, unless they were navigators, during the first continental period."

So Torquay has something to be proud of beside the claim of being Queen of British watering-places. It is, however, her beautiful physical natural charms that draw the visitor to-day, and her claim to queenship on this account can hardly be contested.

To begin with—though it is not the possession of Torquay any more than of the other towns on its shores,—Torbay is likened to the Bay of Naples. But it has been said that Torbay is more beautiful, so that the comparison may with propriety be reversed. A distinguished judge of many things, if not of scenery—and he must have had a wide experience—the first Napoleon, paid a visit to Torbay on the 24th July 1815, remaining in the bay for nearly three weeks. Viewing the scene from the deck of the *Bellerophon*, he is recorded to have said, "What a beautiful country! how much it resembles the Porto Ferrajo in Elba!" So here is another place that Torbay is like unto, and probably there are many other spots somewhat akin to it—though, as Torquinians think, not in the British Isles is there any district so lovely.

The coast-line from the Ness at Shaldon right away to Hope's Nose (another Ness), where Torbay begins, at its eastern limit, is very beautiful. It is of deep red colour, rising from the sea, in the main, in soft rounded cliffs of considerable height, the tints of which are intensified by the vivid green of the verdure above. Looking eastward from the Bishop's Walk, which wanders atop the cliff from Kilmorie, on to Babbacombe and beyond, the view

is exquisite. The ruddy glow of the cliffs all the way to where the white breaks in, the further side of Seaton, shows brightly in the sunshine, and on a suitable day the view extends to Portland Bill. Torbay reaches from Hope's Nose to Berry Head, beyond Brixham. Across the bay, between these points, the distance is four miles, and from this line the greatest depth, landward, toward Paignton, is about three and a half. But from the eastern limit to the western, the coast-line has an extent of twelve miles. So the bay is impressive in the matter of area alone, and apart from its association with the strong charm of colour, which is everywhere present and of great effect. So vast is the area of Torbay that it always looks empty and not at its best, for surely there is nothing that adds to the charm of the sea like the appearance on it of the craft of all varieties which use it for commerce or for pleasure. The severely utilitarian visitor, he who sees trade and money in everything, will call Torbay a good thing wasted, because there is no host of vessels moving to and fro on its mighty space, and there is no big manufacturing city on its shore. But things develop in a natural way—usually. And perhaps that is a reason why Torquay is not a great place of commerce, and that Torbay is not of so

much importance as are some other sheets of water of far less area. It does seem, at first glance, that it might be other than it is. Why it is that little Dartmouth should, ever since history began to be made and recorded, be of more importance than her—now—bigger and more stylish sister, is because—naturally—it was her destiny. Looking down upon the bay from Daddy Hole Plain, and up and down the English Channel, it cannot be denied that few places are so favoured with such a magnificent outlook as are the Torbay towns. And it is not as though this was only a summer scene, for the verdure is perennial, the climate never rigorous enough to wipe away all leafage from deciduous trees and shrubs, and young green leaves often appearing in the winter months.

As to the utilisation of the waters of the bay, there is no doubt but that they have been so used, now and again, as the gathering place for fleets and expeditions. But as the bay is exposed to the winds of heaven from quarters whence they blow most fiercely, that has doubtless had much to do in preventing its greater use by shipping.

The bay has frequently been the scene of naval rendezvous, even perhaps as far back as when there were raids upon the opposite shores of the Channel,

when the merchants of Dartmouth sent out expeditions and grew rich on the ventures. And there is no doubt but that, in other days, pirates, privateers, and folk of such kidney found Torbay vastly convenient for biding a while in, waiting for the prey to come, or till it was safe to make the effort And, Torbay being so big, it does not follow that people of this kind from other lands might not have also found it useful, without asking leave. In days when sailing was more the practice than now, a long continuance of easterly wind would bring in a lot of craft under the shelter of Berry Head and close to Brixham. Indeed, this happens to-day, and frequently in winter many steamers may be seen there weather-bound. With reference to this, and as showing that the bay is dangerous under certain conditions, the great storm of January 11th, 1866, may be referred to. A gale had been blowing from the south-west for some time, and there were seventy-four vessels anchored in the bay, a number of them steamers and big ships, with a considerable proportion of smaller craft. Suddenly the wind changed southerly until it reached round to north-east, and was thus blowing right against the shipping. A few got away, but fifty were wrecked, with a loss of life, so far as could be

guessed, of over a hundred souls. Great daring and valour were exhibited by the fishermen of Brixham in rescuing the saved. The value of the property destroyed was calculated at £200,000. The kindly attention of the French to Teignmouth on several occasions necessitated, or made useful, a near-by anchorage, and their ships rode safely in Torbay. Nobody could say them nay when there was so much room. Perhaps Roman craft have not infrequently been in the bay, because above the town of Brixham is the site of a Roman encampment, and Vespasian is said to have landed, A.D. 49, in Torbay before marching on Exeter to call Arviragus, the British king, to account for being behind in his payment of—shall we say —taxes.

Fleets have used the bay from time to time, and the first great one of these was that which accompanied William of Orange. Another came into these waters a couple of years later on behalf of James. Here gathered also Sir Cloudesley Shovel's combined English and Dutch squadron in 1703. A hundred years later it was believed Napoleon meditated a descent on these shores, and, to be prepared, the Government built forts upon the site of the Roman encampment on Berry Head. No

practical use was made of these, and some of the buildings remain to this day. Napoleon the Great may have seen them from the deck of the *Bellerophon* in 1815, but Napoleon III., also a discrowned monarch, visited the spot in 1871. Torbay has, within the past ten years or so, been not infrequently used for the gathering of ships of the Royal Navy during "mobilisation," and it cannot be denied that the appearance of a big fleet of, in some instances, ninety ships of various sizes, gives a most impressive character to Torbay. It is clear that the anchorage is suitable, and there are those who wish the sight were more often visible. For yachting, of course, the bay is splendid, but not so much availed of as could be wished.

And of the relation of Torquay to Torbay it may be said that the town, beautiful as it is from many points of view, is perhaps most charmingly presented when seen from the waters of the bay. From a point of vantage—"The Rock Walk,"—the Rev. Charles Strong, M.A., looking out upon the bay, wrote :

> "A spot, whose beauty ev'n from gainful haste
> Wins brief delay, long space enjoyed by those
> Who the slow walk repeat, or in repose
> Eye the blue waves, and sea-born breezes taste :

Green swelling hills of Devon, foliage-traced
With cliffs romantic, round bright waters close—
Here blushes early, lingers late the rose,
The myrtle here survives the leafy waste.
Like isles pine-pinnacled the glassy deep
O'ershadowing, when War's loud note alarms,
Here England's battle-ships dread muster keep:
The peasant oft, so glory's service charms,
Viewing the bannered squadrons from this steep,
Joins the bold crew and dares the strife of arms."

"As for scenery," says Charles Kingsley, "though it can boast of neither mountain peak nor dark fiord, and would seem tame enough in the eyes of a western Scot or an Irishman, yet Torbay surely has a soft beauty of its own. The rounded hills slope gently to the sea, spotted with squares of emerald grass, and rich red fallow fields, and parks full of stately timber trees. Long lines of tall elms, just flashing green in the spring hedges, run down to the very water's edge, their boughs unwarped by any blast; and here and there apple orchards are just bursting into flower in the soft sunshine, and narrow strips of water-meadow line the glens, where the red cattle are already lounging knee-deep in rich grass within two yards of the rocky pebble beach. The shore is silent now, the tide far out, but six hours hence, it will be hurling columns of rosy foam high into the sunlight, and

sprinkling passengers, and cattle, and trim gardens which hardly know what frost and snow may be, but see the flowers of Autumn meet the flowers of Spring, and the old year linger smilingly to twine a garland for the new."

The secretary of the Meteorological Committee of the Devonshire Association thus refers to the climate of this area: "Trees growing luxuriantly to the water's edge, with foliage fringing the blue sea, where such delicate shrubs as the choisya, fuchsia, azalea, daphne, eucalyptus, palm, and camellia, grow and bloom with tropical vigour in the open gardens, and remain unprotected during the winter months. At all the coast towns will be found the longest duration of sunshine and of cloudless skies; the highest mean temperature and the least range of temperature; the smallest rainfall and the lowest percentage of humidity. There also the soft and balmy south and west winds prevail, bearing on their wings from off the sea so large a proportion of health-restoring and exhilarating ozone." This is the poetry of fact garnered from nature herself.

It is such a condition of things that might well have in it a reason—if not an excuse—for the adoption of a motto for the town, when it took

up "arms," not against anything, but for future advantage. Its "motto," "*Salus et felicitas*," adopted in 1893, smacks of the jocose, for it conveys no particular meaning in association with its blazonry, and there is no tradition behind it. But there is, of course, in it a soft suggestion that under the arms and beneath the wings—if the bewilderment of language may be excused in such a connection—of the town, there is "*Health and happiness*" for all. Whoever coined the phrase was probably a healthy wight of felicitous spirit, with an eye to the future.

It has been suggested that Torquay is one of the newest towns in Devon, which, as years go, it may be, though that expression covers two centuries. It is not a case analogous to New College, Oxford —quite—where an American who was looking for a new building found only an ancient pile. Asking when it was built, he was told the foundation stone had been laid in 1380. His "Waal!" with lifted eyebrows, spoke volumes. But if Kent's Cavern and about, viewed as a settlement of inhabitants in preglacial times, may be considered as "Tor-Key," then the age of New College is a mere trifle. But considerations of age or youth do not weigh overmuch, either with the

residents or with "transients," as our American cousins put it. Indeed, why should they, for there is the town's guarantee always standing, "*Salus et felicitas*," and, given the possession of these, what more can be desired?

Of course, there is a long gap from the days of earliest man to those when record began to be made, and the mark of Briton, of Roman, and of Saxon is on the neighbourhood. It has been pointed out that the evidence of Saxon influence is marked rather by place-names than by archæological remains. The Saxons had a sweet way of impressing themselves upon a locality by changing names of places within it. In the region of Torquay the influence has remained unto this day, though of course length of years has brought modification. Instances of the Saxon era names are found in Karswell (Kerswell of to-day), Ilesam (Ilsham), Shephay (Shiphay), Bahecumb (Babbacombe), and others. A Saxon church is believed to have existed on the site of Tor Abbey, and that of St Mary Church is considered to be of similar foundation, as it is referred to in Domesday as "Sancte Marie Cherche." But in a neighbourhood on which Saxon nomenclature has made a mark, there is an exception in the Keltic Cochintone

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(passing through changes—Cokyntone, Kokynton, to Cockington, of the present day), and deemed to be based on the colour (Keltic *coch*—red) of the adjacent cliffs and land.

The manor of Torre, Thorre, or Tor—there are varied spellings of the name—was held by a wealthy Saxon noble before the Conquest, either Brictric or Ailric. Doubt arises as to who of these held the Torre under notice, as there were several in the neighbourhood. The following is from the Domesday Book: "LANDS OF THE KING'S THANES OR NOBLES. Godwa holds Torre, which Brictric held in the time of King Edward, and pays geld thirty pence for three hides of land, of which twelve carucates are in demense, besides four (other) carucates; and there are four servi, sixteen villeins or tenant farmers, and twelve bordarii with eight carucates. There are one hundred acres of wood, six of meadow, and twenty acres of pasture, valued at one hundred shillings." The foregoing will be more easily understood by a brief explanation of the terms used. By geld is meant a tax, the rate of which is clear by the reference. A hide of land consisted of from eighty to ninety acres. A carucate would appear to be as much land as could be ploughed with one

plough. Servi were slaves, and the villeins had certain duties to perform but went with the estate as appurtenances of the manor. The bordarii were a sort of small farmers who kept the manor-house going with poultry and eggs. These were the predecessors of the poultry-farmers of Torquay of to-day, and it is a general belief that such a vocation must always have been worth attention in the district. But for a moment mention may be made of another extract from the book: "LANDS OF THE KING'S SERVANTS. The same William (Hostirius) holds Torre, Alric held in the time of King Edward, and yields geld for two hides of land, of which seven carucates are in demense. There are four servi, sixteen villeins, and twelve bordarii, with four carucates. There are twenty-four acres of meadow and two hundred acres of pasture, and were formerly valued at sixty shillings." The former is the smaller estate but of the greater value, and the latter contains no woodland. But as William Hostirius held Ilesham (Ilsham) at this time, it may reasonably be assumed the latter was the manor of Tor-Brewer, and possibly the other was Tor-Brian, not far away.

The family of Briwere or Brewer was a powerful one, and made its impress on the neighbourhood.

It is not too much to say that Torquay has grown from the foundation of Tor Abbey in 1196 by William, Lord Briwere (whose principal residence was then at Torre), which he accomplished on the 25th March of that year. On that day he placed in occupation of the magnificent building he had then completed, seven monks whom he had brought from Welbeck in Nottinghamshire. Although the deed conveying the grant to St Saviour's Church at Torre states that the Abbey "shall be built on the very place where St Saviour's was founded," the remains of the Abbey seem to suggest this was not actually done. In mentioning the area where it was to stand, reference is made to a spring, famous in those days, called Elfridiswelle, and this spring continued until 1860, or nearly seven hundred years later. It was then tapped and destroyed in the building operations taking place. A memory of it exists in the form of a drinking fountain near the old parish church, not far from the lychgate. For endowing the Abbey foundation he had bought the manor of Wolborough (near Newton Abbot), as the deed states that "he had given and yielded to God and the Church of the Holy Saviour at Torre, and to the Canons of the Premonstratensian Order serving God there, the whole of his manor

of Woleburg, with the advowson of its Church, in the same manner as William de Brueria gave it to him for his homage and service 'and for forty marks of silver.'" The manor of Torre, Lord Brewer did not, however, then include in the gift. But he presented to the Abbey some land and the advowson of the parish church of Torre, where Richard Briwere "was at that time the Parson."

He gave to the monks liberty of fishing in Torbay, in these words: "such liberty of fishing and drawing the net in the water or sea of Torre as I have or should have, or my heirs should have" —which was really very good of him. If there had been successors in the Abbey to this day, these would not have had to go so far for their fish. The sea is now but a few yards from the Abbey, washing and foaming over land which was once forest and fields. Old Leland, Henry VIII.'s librarian, who had been commissioned to make a survey in the west, wrote: "Fischar men hath divers tymes taken up with theyr nettes yn Torrebay mussons of harts, whereby men judge that in tymes paste it hath been forest grounds." In 1200, four years after the foundation, confirmation was made by King John, and the royal charter showed that

the Abbey had considerable property, presented by many donors.

The children of Lord Briwere were two sons and five daughters. The latter had interesting names: Margerie, Grecie (Engelesia), Isabel, Alicia, and Johane (Johanna). Of these, we are most interested in Alicia, because she was married to Reginald de Mohun in 1204, from whom comes the parish name of Torquay—Tormohun, now corrupted into Tormoham. She inherited Torre manor and other property on the death of her brother William. Reginald de Mohun was Lord of Dunster, descendant of William de Mohun who came over with the Conqueror, and who was rewarded with the Castle of Dunster and fifty-five manors.

There was another Reginald de Mohun of Torre, of whose last moments there is an interesting account in the register of Newenham Abbey, near Axminster, of which he was the founder. "Being attacked by a severe illness at Tor, he sent for a Franciscan friar, who received his confession on a Wednesday. The following Friday, when the friar entered the sick man's chamber, Reginald thus addressed him: 'I have had a vision this night. I imagined myself to be in the Church of the White Monks, and was on the point of leaving it,

when I was accosted by a venerable figure habited as a pilgrim, who thus addressed me: 'Reginald, I leave it to your choice whether you will come to me now, without hazard, or wait until the week next before Easter, exposed to hazard.' I replied, 'My lord, I will not wait, I will follow you now'; but he said 'No, not as yet, but you shall safely join me on the third day.' The Confessor that night in his own chamber dreamed that he was in the said Cistercian monastery, and beheld a venerable person clothed in white conducting a boy more radiant than the sun from the baptismal font towards the altar. On inquiring whose beautiful child this was, the conductor answered, 'This is the soul of the venerable Reginald of Mohun.' On the third day, Sunday, 20th January, 1257, Reginald requesting the confessor to recite *Prime and Tierce*, as he felt his hour approaching. This the friar did, and then went to the Abbey Church to celebrate Mass. At the conclusion of Mass, he returned to the sick chamber in his vestments, bringing with him the *Viaticum*. Reginald, then very weak, could not rise. There were about ten persons present, and he said to them, 'Why not assist me to meet my Saviour and Redeemer?' And these were his last words.

The monk gave him the Communion, and afterwards the extreme unction, and then the Priests and Clerks recited the recommendation of a departing soul. At the end of these prayers, Reginald still alive, they began to repeat them, and whilst they were uttering the words 'All ye Saints pray for him,' he expired without a groan. His body was removed to Axminster, and buried on the left side of the high altar of the church of Newanham." Of this magnificent building there hardly now remain any traces.

After some generations of Mohuns there came John, who had no sons, so he granted to the Abbot of Tor the manor of Tor Mohun, about the year 1360 (as suggested by the fact that King Edward III. then granted a fresh confirmation of the possessions of the Abbey). Nearly two centuries later — on 23rd February 1539 — at the Dissolution, Abbot Rede, with about seventy monks, brothers, and servants, left it, after it had been a religious house for nearly three centuries and a half. Lord Brewer's pious motive in founding the Abbey was that the canons there might "pray for the souls of the Kings of England, his father's, his own, and all his predecessors and successors." Henry VIII. had small respect for this, in all probability.

Thus the monks had been Lords of the manor for a couple of centuries or so. They must have been Lords of many manors other than that of Torre, for lands have been presented by many donors. In many respects they were admirable lords, and they were the education department of the neighbourhood. It is generally believed that the teaching of the children of the common people was in the hands of the parish clergy, while the monks of the Abbey had as their pupils the children of the gentry, merchants, and richer farmers. They reclaimed land, sowed and reaped crops, worked mills, manufactured woollen goods, preserved and wrote books, and did much good. They certainly kept the lamp of knowledge burning. They were also men, and therefore subject to frailties as are others. So let it be.

After Henry VIII.'s possession, the manor quickly had several Lords — St Leger, Pollard, Seymour, passing, in the reign of King Edward VI., to John Ridgeway and John Petre (the latter being, it is supposed, a trustee). The former was an ancestor of Lord Londonderry, and the entire manor remained in that family until 1653, when it was divided into two portions, the demesne of Torre Abbey being bought by John Stowell. That of

Tormohun (now called Torwood) passed, by marriage of the heiress, to Arthur, Earl of Donegal, in 1716. Tor Abbey manor went, by sale, to Sir George Cary of Cockington in 1662, and the Carys hold it yet. Sir Robert Palk bought the Tormohun (or Torwood) portion in 1768. These two families are possessors of the estates at the present time.

Local government in Torquay has, presumably, passed through development, as elsewhere. Prior to 1825 it was by vestry. A Select Vestry was in operation from that day, if it did not precede it, until 1836, though "Improvement Commissioners" were elected in 1835 and 1836 (the two authorities existing at the same time). This form of government continued until 1850–51, when the "Local Board of Health" came into operation and continued until 1892. From that date the town has enjoyed the dignity of being a borough, with mayor, aldermen, and councillors. There is no evidence at present that any immediate change is imminent or desired, though there are some—as there are in every community—who desire "the good old days," but which of them is not always clear, probably those before the period of rates and taxes. The only higher dignity that could be secured is that

of a city, which would assuredly be got under a flag that is of British origin, but not of the empire. It can be said that Torquay is very well governed and well kept, and certainly the difficulties to be met are not great to secure this.

It would be interesting to know exactly when "Torre-Key" became the name of this place, and whether it was ever familiar to men as Tor-mohun. Leland, before referred to, was here in 1525, and his report on it lends colour to the foundation of the present name. He evidently reached it from Dartmouth and Paignton. He says: "After passing Penton almost three miles, there cumeth down a praty broke, and running by the shore sands goith into the see in Torrebay. Torrebay village and priorie a mile off. There is *a peere* and socour for fischar boats in the bottom by Torre Prior. . . . I marked almost in the middle of this bay one house set on the hard shore, and a *small peere* by it as a socour for fischar boats (Livermead)." And in a chart made about this time, depicting the rivers and havens of South Devon, "Torre Key" is shown as a pier, rough in style, running out into the sea in a westernly direction. Leland's "praty broke" still rattles down the valley and falls into the sea, not now wandering over the sands as afore-

time, because the roadway, under which it passes, is, with its tremendously thick wall, the barrier to the ocean's raids. And so the "broke" falls right into the sea, except when tides are low. This little fact shows how persistent are the forces of nature and how regular their course in certain instances. The "praty broke" rarely fails of being a very respectable stream. Torquay has still a pier—not altogether of the sort that Leland saw; indeed, it has more than one, but the principal is of the kind considered necessary for a place such as this is. The town would be peerless without it.

It would seem, in spite of the name mentioned by Leland, that, then and before, the place—rather than the manor or parish—was known as Fleete. How long this name had been in use is not clear, but as *Fleot* is a Saxon word, given to a spot to which the tide comes, the title of a certain area may have always been Fleete, or its equivalent, though Tor-mohun may have been more widely known. "Fleete, within the tithing of Tormohun," was the definition in a deed in the days of James I. "Fleete, otherwise Tor Key," is mentioned in a document of 1670. There is a remembrance of the old name maintained in Fleet Street, part of the principal thoroughfare of the town. "Tormohun" appears

only to be used now in connection with the parish church, which naturally, and properly, clings to the right thing. Officially, so far as the town's government is concerned, the parochial name is "Tormoham," but of course, in perpetuating the error, the present generation is only playing the game of "follow my leader," and there is no blame in particular. How the suffix "ham" became substituted for the proper one can only be explained by supposing it was the outcome of careless speech. And it would appear to be a proper thing that Torquay should, in its many efforts for improvement, put this matter right.

Trade and commerce, or at any rate the sea-borne variety, does not make the Queen of Watering-places the commercial centre of the district. But, naturally, being so splendidly placed, it has been found that it is wise to have some of the good qualities of a port. It is the force and misfortune of circumstance that these necessary are cheek by jowl with the picturesque portions of the town proper, which they do not enhance. Yet there is the town, and there are her "keys." They came naturally where they are, but if they were around the corner somewhere—and were equally useful,—the charm of one of the finest sites in England would be

greater; but this *inter nos.* Whether the dwellers here traded in fish or not, and had the commercial spirit, it is admitted that there was a "key" here before the Brothers came in 1196. And at this fishermen's "key" was landed the stone from Beer, Purbeck, and Portland, used for the walls of the Abbey and other buildings. As has been casually mentioned, there is now in the place a strong commercial spirit, and this is indicated by the existence of a Chamber of Commerce. It is interesting to note that in this matter, knowingly or otherwise —probably otherwise—the townsfolk are but following the lead of the monks, for they, in 1260, through their Abbot, were members of the Merchants' Guild of Totnes, which had the commercial oversight of the district in those days. That town was probably then more important than either Dartmouth or Tor Mohun. But in those long past times there was trouble about back subscriptions, and early in the fourteenth century the Court of the Guild proposed to distrain on the Abbot of Torre for arrears. So, despite the fact of the power of Abbots and the Church, the members of the Guild were not afraid to claim their own.

Torquay, however, is only a "creek" according to Customs regulations, which is peculiar, to say

the least of it, for there is now no ghost of a creek in the borough. Torbay has, since such regulations have been in force, been under the wing of Dartmouth and of Teignmouth, and there be they who would wish it otherwise, for Torquay is bigger and prettier, of course, than either. But good looks are not everything. Before the days of Edward the Black Prince, the "water of Dartmouth" reached from Erme mouth to Torre Key or Fleete. To that prince was given a charter to levy dues within the port. Later, the area was decreased, the western limit being Salcombe. In the middle of the nineteenth century Teignmouth rose in dignity and power—she was before this a "creek" of Exeter—and became a port, her big sister becoming a "creek" to her and leaving Dartmouth. But none of the great ocean steamship lines have yet adopted Torquay as a port of call, roomy as the bay is, and despite the fact that trains run from and to London in about four hours.

Naturally, though Dartmouth was the port of the district, many of the honours associated with daring deeds by western men on the sea may be credited to those of Torbay, though recorded to the advantage of Dartmouth. Torbay men, and among them Sir Edward Seymour of Torre

Abbey, Sir John Gilbert of Compton Castle, and Mr George Cary of Cockington, were among those who were actively engaged in preparing for the coming of the Armada, the first and third of these being appointed in command of two regiments. They play bowls now at Torquay where the sea washed in Armada days, but the locality was ready waiting the opportunity of exchanging iron bowls with the Dons, though it is said the Government was stingy with its powder and shot. Lord Howard, it will be remembered, wrote, "Let us have with some speed some great shot sent us of all bigness." Off Torbay the *Capitana* was captured, taken to Plymouth, and later was transferred to Captain Jacob Whiddon of the *Roebuck*. She was manned by some Brixham fisherman and brought to Torbay. The Spanish prisoners, numbering about four hundred, were brought ashore and lodged in the grange of the Abbey, and from that day to this the building has borne the name of the Spanish Barn. The ship, delayed for three weeks in Torbay by bad weather, was taken to Dartmouth. The prisoners did not have a very good time of it there, and about this a very pointed difference arose between Sir John Gilbert and Mr George Cary, in which the latter comes

out in a very humanitarian spirit. Of course, with the superstitious temperament of Devon, it is but natural that ghosts haunt the environment of the Abbey and the Barn, especially that of a Spanish lady who had joined the Armada as a man from devotion to one of its officers. These are the ghosts of 1588, but two hundred years before that it was said the spirit of a decapitated canon frequented the avenues. The avenues yet remain, and the "ghost" may be seen flitting around the gas-lamps there, as many entomologists can testify. It may be remarked that the Lord Abbots of Torre Abbey had power of capital punishment. It does not appear that any of the fifteen thousand ducats in the *Capitana* came to Torbay, though Sir Francis Drake, her captor, is said to have taken three thousand pistoles, because "he had not three pounds left in the world." For his share in the work of these times, Mr George Cary, after due deliberation by the Government, was knighted. In connection with the landing of William of Orange it would seem that Torquay took only an ordinary and passing interest. When the town was lit with gas, it was, by all accounts, a very memorable event. This took place on 8th October 1834, and afforded an opportunity for a local poet to produce

some "lines," somewhat of a rugged character. They purport to give the experience of Papa and Jemima on a walk in the Strand that night, and the whole consisted of twenty-six verses. Here are a few examples:

"The Bat, they say, ne'er quits his hole,
Until the dusky night,
But here's a Bat's wing flitting round,
More than the noon day bright."

After recapitulating all she has seen, and naming the lessons to be drawn from this, Jemima concludes:

"Now, dear Papa, I've seen enough,
So homeward let us pass,
And ere we lay us down, thank God
That we have seen the gas.

"Oh! may it prosper, may it show
The ruffian as he lurks,
And may the new light drive away
The devil and his works."

Which would seem to suggest that they were "between the devil and the deep sea" in those days. But some years later than this five constables were appointed, and a crowning glory added to the corps by making a gentleman "Captain of the Force."

Perhaps the most useful historical event in

connection with Torquay was that of rivalling Sir Francis Drake's service to Plymouth, but after other methods and in the spirit of later times—the bringing in of a supply of water from Dartmoor. This was begun in December 1856, the water reaching the town on 8th June 1858. As an achievement this is not equal to that of Sir Francis, who, it will be remembered, mounted his horse and the stream followed him as he galloped to Plymouth. Extension of the great gathering lake at Hennock has been made from time to time, and its capacity is close on three hundred million gallons, the daily supply reaching the town averaging nearly two million of these. The Hennock capacity is 194,000,000 gallons; that of Tottiford, 103,000,000; and the new Trenchford reservoir in course of construction is intended for two hundred million gallons. The area of the first two is eighty-two and a half acres. Great praise may be given to the town for its prevision in this matter. The purity of the water is very high. So here, again, the town may be proud of its achievement in the light of its motto, *Salus et felicitas.*

The coming of the railway to Torquay was not secured without the overcoming of much prejudice. Many persons who visit this beautiful place wonder

why the station is so far from the town proper. It is a merciful providence, hid from the many, but, in the end, good for the prosperity of the place. Because now the visitor has impressed upon him, as he goes toward the town, the glorious beauties and combination of hill and verdure and sea, in colour and form like no other place he has seen. As originally intended, the route had not nearly the beauty and prospect that now break upon the traveller. Like in many more prosaic centres, even including Plymouth, a station two or three miles away from the town was deemed near enough. Thus at last the line was brought to Torre. Then other towns on Torbay, and ancient Dartmouth, wanted the railway, so the station was placed where it is, and the town had no "beauty spot" within it spoiled. And who shall say the choice has not been "good for trade"? The road from the station to Torquay town is along by the shore, where, on occasion, some of the most magnificent breaking seas may be viewed. Perhaps no visitation within living memory has excelled the devastation of the storm of 25th October 1859, which flooded parts of the town and broke great gaps in the mighty wall; the waters becoming of a deep red colour, dyed from the soil that

had been churned up. The storm of 1866, already referred to, was more disastrous as to loss of life. In 1867 there was an attempt to create Torquay into a borough, but that fact was not achieved, as we have seen, until 1892.

Though it has been shown that the area of Torquay is full of antiquity, yet the town can make no boast that way, and there are, therefore, few ancient buildings or remains. Age worth mentioning is not represented in anything except in relation to the Abbey and the church life associated therewith. The Abbey is now a residence, and has been since the latter part of the sixteenth century, that is, such portions as were not included in the demolition. The comparatively little remaining gives testimony to the splendid character of the structure. The house can be seen from the public road, but the public are not permitted to visit the building. From 1779 to 1854 the Roman Catholics of the neighbourhood worshipped in a chapel that had been the refectory in monkish days. A grave was found in 1825 which was conjectured to be the burial-place of the founder of the Abbey, Lord Briwere. Associated with the Abbey was the little chapel, away on the hill (which has been much quarried in more recent years) that now

overlooks Torre station, and now called, with its wooded walks, Chapel Hill. The building is only a little over thirty-six feet long exteriorly, and under thirty feet within. It is supposed to be a votive chapel, a place of punishment (because of the great strength of the building), a retreat for a hermit, or a retiring place for pilgrims. It is considered to date from the close of the twelfth century. Whatever may have been its purpose, its existence must have been known widely, for up to a few years ago the crews of any vessels in the neighbourhood who were Roman Catholic invariably visited St Michael's. Prior to the government of the town by mayor and corporation, Chapel Hill was made a very delightful wood-garden sort of place, or perhaps left to make itself so, with winding paths, not too formal, and here and there a rustic wooden bridge. Since corporation days have been in swing there have been "improvements," and the bridges have gone. It has probably been deemed more economical to remove them, for the picturesque point of view has not gained. It is a pity that more attention is not drawn to such spots within the borough, for there are several. To the natives they appear to present little attraction—judging by the few

persons ever seen within their shaded borders and greenery.

This unpublished legend may be quoted. "The day was bright and sunny, and the little talk was funny, as the group sat outside the chapel on the hill. They had done their mite of penance, and were resting ere they went hence to their many duties at the Abbey to fulfil. 'To-morrow will be Friday, and you know it's not a high-day,' said Brother Ambrose, as they enjoyed the prospect across the waters of the Bay; 'but since the Abbot gave 'em leave in these waters for to fish, 'tis easy to believe that we've had many a tasty dish—and who will ever say me nay?' 'Of whom do you thus speak, Brother Ambrose, when you so refer in common talk as ''em''? Thus Brother Francis spoke in his quiet, oily way, for of suavity he really was a gem. Perhaps he meant a joke—you never well could say or know the driftings of his mind. Brother Ambrose never stirred, nor uttered he a word, for his thoughts were far away, deep in the waters of the sea. But he really must have heard, knew just what had occurred, for he turned to Brother Francis with the plea: 'You really must excuse me, if I seemed not to hear thee and the query that thou so very gently put. They who I,

ere now, named, when I mentioned them as ''em' ('twas pertinent I trow), are quite, you know, *ad rem*—were of course the fischars of the 'Key.' I know, my Brother Francis, you love the dainty lances [fish that hide in the sand], sprat, pollock, whiting, basse, and all the better class—none of our Brothers have such a finished taste as ye.' Whereat the Brothers smiled, for Francis was a child, in regard to the matter of his meals. The mean and spare fare of the Abbey not very far from where they all lay, each akicking of his heels, was a trial of the flesh, but the binding of a mesh they each and everyone did feel. Then spoke the gentle Osbert, who was of the life an expert: '*Carpe diem* is a saying you should all call to mind. It is wise to bear the yoke, and bone of fish may choke, for *Salus est felicitas.*' Brother Francis, with a winking eye aturned up to the sky, said: 'I very much prefer, unless I greatly err, to believe in *Salus et facilitas.*' Later, they travelled to the Abbey." Near by this, long centuries after, a big town grew up, and the wise men of it, five hundred years later, adopted a motto, which was neither of these sayings, a proceeding which is certainly open to difference of opinion. On the lines of development in these latter days they might, with

propriety, have chosen, *Ut veniant omnes*—"Let 'em all come!"

At Ilsham (of to-day) is Ilseham Grange, in the vicinity of Anstis Cove. This was owned by the founder of the Abbey, but was presented to it by a descendant of his, and is now part of the farm buildings where it stands. It was used by the Canons in seclusion, a cell of the Abbey, and was of course confiscated with the other property. The parish church of Torquay is at that portion of the town called Torre, and is dedicated to St Saviour. It dates from the early part of the fourteenth century, and is an interesting building, with many memorials of the families who have been associated with Torquay, or what is now that place. In all probability a church preceded it—perhaps more than one, which, if not on the same site, were near where the present building stands. The following quaint inscription refers to Thomas Waymouth:

> "Tack notes you that parse heare by
> And think vpon your mortalyty
> No freedom from the graue or tum
> Vntel from heuen Christ doth come
> Now hee is gone wee all must follo after,
> His wife, his sone, and ecke his dafters."

The registers date from 1637. This church is the parent one of the parish, but many ecclesiastical

HAMPSTEAD

districts have been formed from time to time, and very few towns possess so many churches as does this. They are, of course, quite modern, though some of them are fine structures.

There yet remains a dwelling, for so it may be considered, almost as "ancient as the hills," and of an order of architecture which may be called "primary," worked out in all its details, originally, by Nature herself. This is Kent's Cavern. The very name, however, gives a very modern air to it. But it is not in modern times that it has had any use as a dwelling, so far as record goes—except that it might have been a storage place for such unconsidered trifles as came to land with unpaid duty, because it lies at the top of a very beautiful valley, at the bottom of which (Meadfoot) is the sea. A document concerning a lease of land, in 1659, described it as "one close called Kent's Hole," and another is mentioned as Wildeswood. The district in which is the Cavern is now called Wellswood, which goes to show how names alter and divert attention from the source of origin. The Cavern is in one of the most charming districts of Torquay, not far from Ilsham, and on a limestone hill two hundred feet above the level of the sea. It has a traversable area of about seven hundred feet, and

the height varies from four feet to beyond thirty. Practically there are two caves, and, radiating, a number of chambers. It seems always to have been known, and it certainly was a "sight" in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, for under a slight coating of film of stalagmite there are names of those who visited it, and they came from far and near. Undoubted evidence of the knowledge of it, and its use as a dwelling, at a period long pre-Roman, is forthcoming. Scientific examination began in 1825 by the priest at the Abbey, the Rev. J. MacEnery, and, with breaks, the researches continued up to 1864, when a very systematic examination took place. In this the late Mr W. Pengelly was most prominent, and his opinions have been largely accepted. Of course it is not possible to deal adequately with such an intensely interesting subject in a few brief words. In the several layers that covered the floor of the cave was found one, resting on the cave earth, which constituted a black band. This, said Mr Pengelly, "was, in all probability, the hearth around which they assembled to enjoy their meals, and to prepare their implements of war, fishing, the chase, and domestic use. Not only do the numerous bits of charcoal indicate a long series of fires, the charred

bones imply meals of roasted food, and the flint flakes and chips point to industrial occupation, but the area of the black band was such as to secure its being selected by men as the favourite apartment of the cavern home. From its proximity to the external entrances, the light of day would be available; it is not subject to any inconvenient drip, even in the wettest seasons; and there is always a sufficient current of air passing through this branch of the Cavern to prevent discomfort from smoke when a fire is burning." Experiment proved all these points, and observation showed that, day and night, winter or summer, the temperature stood at 52°, which is about the annual mean for the district. To-day the cave is much visited, and the scene, with the pilgrims holding candles, is not unlike that common in Rome at the Catacombs. There is no ghostly denizen of this "Hole," as it was called early in the nineteenth century; but no doubt there would be stories worth telling, if the experiences of the unguided in the past could be known. Indeed, there is a tradition or two of lost souls who had found the entanglements of the cave too much for them. Nothing of that kind need be apprehended now, for access to the cavern is not free, though entrance can be arranged by use of a silver

key. And thus the public are able to realise that they are visiting the "oldest dwelling in Torquay," and possibly the oldest in England and perhaps in the world.

When the borough of Torquay decided, for their good, to absorb St Marychurch and part of Cockington, nothing was added to the attractions of the district, because all the good things were previously available equally much. But it brought within the precincts of the boundaries the ancient parish church of "Sce Marie cerce." The building now existing, on the face of it, has a very new look, but this results from such restoration as was practically rebuilding, all but the tower, in 1861. Two churches preceded this "restored" one, the first of which was Saxon and the earliest in the district. It antedated that at Torre. The old Saxon font of the first church is still in existence. St Mary is finely situated, and from many points of view gives pictorial quality to the scene. Ilsham was in this parish, but now gives name to an ecclesiastical parish itself. It was in the year 1900 that the additions to the borough, above referred to, were made, St Marychurch contributing 2067 areas and Cockington 347, though the old village of Cockington is not within the borough limits.

The church of St Marychurch does not at all attract the visitor as does that of Cockington, to which there is a pilgrimage all around the year. But this arises from the great reputation for beauty which the village of Cockington has rightly managed to secure. And the church being near, and quaintly situated in the park of Cockington Court, the manor-house of the Mallocks, would naturally be visited. It is certainly quite worth consideration. This church of St George and St Mary is said to be a daughter church of Tor Mohun. At the Conquest the manor went, of course, to a follower of that giver of manors, and passed to William de Falesia. It is interesting to note that the William of that period was of Falaise, where he was born. No place in Devon has probably been sketched, painted, and photographed as has Cockington and its "forge." And it has deserved the honour. With the irony of commercialism, the newest thing in the village is the label put up by the smith to say that his is the "old" forge—as if any mistake could have been made when there is only one! Delightful lanes and old cob-wall cottages and farms make a visit to the village something to be remembered, and the brilliance of the colouring is very marked. Old-fashioned gardens full of

old-time flowers give quite a peculiar charm to the scene.

Perhaps the great natural feature of Torquay is its varied hills, with the winding valleys between—and they are many. But despite the fact that the hills are high, the way to the top of nearly all of them is well managed, so that they may be walked without any great exertion or discomfort. The roads all about the town and in the district are good. There are many short-cuts to the higher ground, and, as may be supposed, they involve the ascent of steep paths or long flights of steps. But the vistas on the way up quite repay the use of them, for a halt may be made and, usually, a comfortable seat found. This delightful factor of hill and dale has an added charm—that of woodland. The climate and soil of Torquay so favour the growth of shrubs and trees that they flourish everywhere, on the hillside and on the upperlands, at any rate, in great profusion and much variety. And so, though a house may have no great area of ground of its own, yet it may not view its nearest neighbouring dwelling, and appears to be set in its own park and woodland.

The dotting about of houses in the way they are placed has resulted in a very considerable

mileage of roads; but the majority of these are as delightful as a way in the heart of the country, bordered as they are by stately elms, limes, chesnuts, oaks, beeches, ashes, and acacias, with a frequent peep of splendid examples of wistaria and magnolia in full bloom. Roses are, perhaps, the flower of the district, and there is, not far from the railway station, a large area of ground known as the Devon Rosery, and given over to the cultivation of this blossom. But plants from much warmer climes than this grow freely all about, and especially within influence of the warm borderland of the sea. Dræcenas, aloes, palms, and eucalyptus are vigorous under the shelter of Waldon Hill and in the Princess Gardens, which is usually gloriously beautiful with flowers, except for a month or two in the depth of winter. But the trees and shrubs mentioned grow freely in many parts of the borough. Such a chrysanthemum show (almost as good as that of the Temple Gardens, London) as is frequently to be seen on the front, out-of-doors, is hardly conceivable.

Less necessary than in many places, owing to its breezes from the sea and from the moor, it is to the credit of the authorities that there are many open spaces, and, besides these, a number of gardens and

woodlands wherein the public may roam. Thanks are due to the several lords of the manor for facilities thus afforded. Nowhere on the south coast beside is there such an acreage and mileage open to the public. Going eastward along the coast to far Watcombe and Maidencombe there are paths and ways offering pictures and glorious peeps innumerable. Such infinite variety of subject almost bewilders the artist and hampers his choice, for it is a land of plenty of the fruits he desires. It is impossible to particularise in these narrow limits. But a passing reference must be made to Babbacombe, not so much the new district on the heights, but the exquisitely beautiful old place two hundred feet below, with its memory of the very ancient hostelry—the "Cary Arms,"—and its fine outlook across the blue sea to Oddicombe beach and Petitor. Inland are quaint groups of cottages and old-fashioned villages and hamlets. There are Wells in number, of which Kingskerswell is perhaps the biggest and most important, some others being Abbotskerswell, Coffinswell (where is a holy well, called the "Lady Well," and associated with fortune-telling among maidens), and Ogwell, the latter somewhat adjacent to Newton Abbot. As to Combes, it would almost be impossible to count them, little and larger; but of

BABBACOMBE
TORQUAY

them all, perhaps Haccombe is the most interesting, being, it is believed, the smallest parish of Devon—if not of England. The population is frequently as low as seven, when the manor-house of the Carews is unoccupied. As to this house, it certainly is not particularly handsome, though it is said to have taken the place of a charming Elizabethan structure. Such a house must have appeared delightful there, for the scene is one of unsurpassed loveliness. There is a story, and it may well be founded on fact, that one of the Carews went away to Italy, leaving instructions for his architect to erect a new house. When he saw it, it is stated he expressed his belief that he had the ugliest house in the county. Probably he said something more florid than this; but if the present house of the Cliffords at Ugbrooke was in existence, Carew need not have been so vexed. But the little church at Haccombe is almost unique for its magnificent memorials of the families associated with the history of the manor. The parish was made an arch-presbytery by Sir John l'Ercedekne in 1341, and to this day the rector is an arch-priest. Haccombe was regarded as outside any civil or military jurisdiction, and free from taxes by royal grant. With the little church is associated the legend of a big swim in Torbay,

the result of a wager between a Carewe and a Champernowne, in which the former won. The manor has never passed by sale from its owner at the Conquest up to the present. The church stands in the park of the Carews.

Torquay may not have any pronounced industries, and yet there have been dwellers there for many years past who have been most industrious. They are the story-tellers and romancers who have found life congenial within the district, and who have given of their best for the mental recreation of thousands. Torquay and about has for a long time had a number of successful writers in its midst, though the majority of persons knew it not. A number live there now, but who they may be it matters not—just here. There was a Roman encampment on the high land above Anstis Cove; but whether the comers carried potters with them in their colonisation schemes or not, it is said that the magnificent clay of Watcombe, which is about a mile and a half away, was used by the Romans for pottery. It is of undoubtedly superb quality. There is a pottery still in working at Watcombe, and has been running for about thirty years; but it is questionable whether the ware now approaches in design, decoration, or general execution that of years

ago. Taste appears to have deteriorated. There is another pottery at Hele, producing terra-cotta. Beside these is yet another, on the Newton road at Longpark, an industrial development, wherein all concerned are workers—of the soil and country. A specialty is Tor Mohun ware. The forms and decoration of the productions of these kilns are largely rural and simple, and it is sought to preserve the type by a wise conservatism. The pottery itself is contained in a rather striking building, with a campanile, one of the air-stations of the system by which Brunel proposed to work railway traffic in Devon, but which failed to become successful. In a booklet issued by this pottery, the following occurs:

"In the days of Lord William de Briwere his mansion and court-house was at the east of the parish church of Torre, and here it was that Reginald de Mohun paid court to Alicia, taking long rides in the valley that led by the way of Shephay, and to Karswell.

"One fine summer's day, while so engaged they came across a peasant who had been digging in the open space where, long years ago, so the tale had been, there were made rough earthenware pots of the local clay by the Saxons, who, before the con-

quering race had come, had carried on the craft as their fathers had done in their ancient home across the North Sea.

"As they rode up he ceased from his work, bent forward, and picked up something, which he stood examining.

"'What has thou there, fellow?' said the noble.

"The peasant, not knowing of the proximity of anyone, was startled, and let the piece of pottery—for so it was—fall, though fortunately not to its breakage.

"He stooped and raised it carefully, handing it, at a sign from de Mohun, to the Lady Alicia, who admired it much.

"It proved to be of quaint shape, with decorations in red, yellow, and blue, and set about with a quaint legend in incised letters, pointing out probably the influencing hand of one of the monks of an earlier day than those who, a few years later, occupied the Abbey down the vale, near to the sea.

"'See that thou diggest carefully, and what thou findest bring to the Hall,' said de Mohun; and, turning to the Lady Alicia, continued: 'Think ye the peasant's story is a true one—that the Saxon churls made these things?'

"'Yes, and if they did, surely our people may,' replied she, with an air of enthusiasm that all lovers of pottery feel.

"'Well, say you that there shall be a pottery here, and the fame of de Mohun ware shall be as great as any that may ever be.'

"Thus the Lady Alicia had her way, for he was in love, and love triumphs in many things beside the making of marriages.

. . . . . .

"And so where the Lady Alicia desired the thing should be, there stands it to-day, on the way from Tormohun to Karswell, close by the road to Shephay, as the Saxons called the place upon the hill that overlooks the valley of Tormohun."

Some very striking marbles are found in the St Marychurch and Torquay areas, and these are beautifully polished and worked both in the former and at Watcombe. There is also some fine lapidary work done in the same districts.

Away through old Cockington and past the forge and church winds a narrow road, which was probably a pack-horse route in earlier days, to the higher country beyond, where lies Marldon, and about half a mile or so to the north of it the remains of Compton Castle. Castles are by no means

plentiful in South Devon, and fewer still that are occupied. This is, however, a case in point. Eden Phillpotts, the novelist, has made it a centre of interest in his charming story—*The Good Red Earth*, and a quotation from that will prove happy and pertinent. "Where jackdaws chiefly dwell and their harmonies echo, aforetime flourished the famous family of Gilbert. . . . Alice de Pola brought the manor to the Comptons; and to the illustrious Gilberts it accrued in like fashion, for Joan Compton conveyed Compton Pole, as it was then called, to Jeffery Gilbert for her partage, in the second Edward's reign. Of their posterity are first remembered and evermore revered the sons of Otho Gilbert, whose lady, a maiden of the Champernowne family, bore not only Humphrey, the adventurer who discovered Gilbert's Straits and established the earliest British settlement of Newfoundland, but also his more famous uterine brother, Walter Ralegh. . . . . Here, within these walls, a tradition, more credible than most, affirms that the half-brothers, Sir Humphrey and Sir Walter, not seldom met; that Ralegh smoked his first pipe on English soil (though ancient habitations not a few claim that event); that the great men discussed their far-reaching plans together, while both basked in the

sunshine of royal favour and universal acclaim. Yet, at the end of their triumphs, stealing grey along the avenue of years, Death, hideous in one case, violent in both, confronted each with his sudden dart. . . .

"At gloaming time, when the jackdaws make an end of day, when weary birds rustle in the ivy ere they sleep, and evensong of thrushes throbs through the dimpsy light, loving hearts and eyes, gifted to feel and see a little above the level prose of working hours, shall yet conceive these heroes of old moving within their deserted courts. Some chambers are still whole, and bats sidle through the naked window at the call of dusk; some are thrown open to sun and rain and storm; the chapel stands intact; the scoop for holy water lies still within the thickness of its wall. But aloft, where rich arras once hid the stone, and silver sconces held the torch, Nature now sets her hand, brings spleenwort and hartstongue, trails the ivy, the speedwell, and the toad-flax. . . . The great planes of subdued colour sweep from harmony to harmony, shine rosy in the dawnlight, or grey under the rain. The sun loves their faces; moonlight weaves them into dream-pictures of ebony and silver. Secret chambers lie hidden within the thickness of the

walls; old subterranean ways are suspected; antique hinges and staples of vanished doors paint the stones with red rust. Upon the southern side of the quadrangle a kitchen stands; but the banqueting-hall and much of the upper regions have disappeared, for time has fretted the granite, so changed its contours, that only antiquary may speculate or architect hazard of what aspect was the manor-house in its youth and prime. . . .

"Ivy-mantled, solemn, silent it stands like a sentient thing, and broods with blind eyes upon ages forgotten; when these grey stones still echoed neigh of horse and bay of hound, rattle of steel, blare of trump, and bustle of great retinues, where was open house in the spacious days."

Nothing more exquisitely correct or delightfully enjoyable could be than this description by a master-hand. Compton has played its part in the making of history, though there may be no record or tradition. It is now occupied as a farmhouse. The fact that there was a chapel in the castle and a priest's room over, well preserved then, called forth some striking lines from the pen of the Rev. H. J. Whitfeld, M.A., writing about fifty years ago. "Three centuries have passed since the chimes of Marldon were answered by those of Compton, and

HAMPSTEAD

since they both took up the notes borne upon the wind from Torre Abbey. In one of these consecrated places the old faith is still professed. In a second, it has but a memory, amid darkness and decay. And in a third it has given way to another, and a purer, form. . . .

"Hark! upon the wings of twilight
Solemnly a cadence swells,
Hark! with fitful falls and dying,
Comes a voice from Marldon bells—
Never more, oh! never more
Shall the past its kin restore:
Never shall our chimes recall
Answering tones from Compton Hall."

Marldon church is of course exceedingly interesting because of its association with, and its memorials of, the Gilberts and other distinguished families. It is joined with Paignton ecclesiastically, the vicar of that parish holding both livings.

Away down below, reached by a very pleasant and picturesque road, two miles or so, is the town of Paignton, the next in importance to Torquay—so the residents believe—of the Torbay towns. It is proud of its latter-day development and of the way in which, in the parlance of the time, it keeps "up to date." Yet as a place it is perhaps as old as, if not older than, Tor Mohun. Indeed, it became a

market-town in 1294, which Tor Key never was. There is little doubt but that, like other places in the neighbourhood, it was a Saxon settlement. The first church was Saxon, but Norman is the most ancient characteristic of the parish church as it stands to-day, though there is not a great deal of it. The west door is a splendid example of such work, and is in the tower. The building is a striking one of red sandstone, and makes up most picturesquely with its surroundings. Within is the celebrated Kirkham Chantry with its stone screen, sadly mutilated. There was a bishop's palace here, probably, in Saxon times, and in connection with this is the Bishop's Tower, which was said to have been occupied by Miles Coverdale (Bishop of Exeter in 1551), while he was translating the Bible in 1535; but the conflict of dates makes the story wanting in fact, in the opinion of most. However, there is the Tower, and a commanding object it is. The parish of Paignton in earliest days was of vast size, extending from the shore of Torbay across country to the Dart, and comprised the manors of Peinton, Godrington (now Goodrington) and Colleton. Few places have had more variety in the spelling of its name than this: Peintone in Domesday Book, Penton, Painton, Payton, Payington,

Paington, and Paignton. Of these the last is the popular form, though up to 1856 it was Paington. This appears in old records and transfers, and is legally used in the same way now, when used in manor deeds. As a manor, it was very valuable at the time of the Conquest, and was exceeded only by that of Crediton. Leofric (of Crediton), who was Bishop of the See which became that of Exeter in 1046, was presented with the deeds in 1049, and it was in possession of the See until about 1550, when it passed by the hands of Bishop Veysey to the Earl of Pembroke, together with the old palace. It has changed ownership on several occasions since. But the glory of the past of this sort weighs little to-day in the town, for they are fond of Gilbertian-Sullivan music and poetry, rendering them right worthily, and the romance of the moment is a happier present memory than those traditions of the past. Say Paigntonians, or some of them, in the words of W. S. Gilbert:

> "Oh, bury, bury! let the grave close o'er
> The days that were, that never will be more."

It is historically of interest, if perhaps of small moment at this juncture, that two of Sullivan's operas were first produced here—*The Pirates of Penzance* in the theatre behind the Gerston Hotel,

and *H.M.S. Pinafore* in the Pavilion on the pier. They are perennially popular in the place of their first appearance, but because of this, let it not be supposed there is no substance in Paignton, for there certainly is. It can be seen whenever the weather is fine—and that is very often—everywhere.

Who has not heard of the famous tenure of the place by "Whitepot"? Many; and many more there are, and in Paignton itself, who have no knowledge of its connection with the town. Dr Yonge, who was a keenly observing antiquary of the latter part of the seventeenth century, has written that the town held its charter "by a Whitepot—whence Devonshire men are soe called—which was seven yeares making, seven baking, and seven eating." Whatever may have been the custom in the Doctor's day, it is not so now that Devon men are so called. But it may be that the saying he quotes is father to the expression "Devonshire dumplings," by which Devon men are now known, as Cornish men are "Pasties." Around whitepot, however, is, at any rate, a more recent memory and flavour than any other tradition which might have existed. Some light on this form of tenure, if it ever existed, is found by remembering that farms had their name from *fermain*, the yielding of victuals

or provisions, as was the custom up to the time of Henry I. This victualling covered the provision for service of soldiers, horses, etc. So it may be that this memory that clings to Paignton above all Devon towns refers to an agreement by which the proprietor of the lands leased shall be supplied with the particular viand—say whitepot—for seven years, and not that a "pot" shall be seven years a-making. For if it were, there is no wonder that it might be equally long in the cooking, and that its eating may require seven years—and be accomplished, never. But the constitution of the pottage is certainly a very curious one. One authority says it consisted of cream, cinnamon, rice, sugar, and other elements. If it were a long period in making, some of these would certainly have taken on unpleasant characteristics. Whence came the tradition, and how far back did it arise? There was, no doubt, some foundation of fact for a basis. But "whitepot" seems, from present knowledge, to be a sort of provender only used on occasions, and made only on a big scale. Curiously enough, explanation of the title has not been sought in connection with a kind, or kinds, of food still used in Devon and Cornwall, and now more generally called "hog's pudding." Fifty years ago, and even less, these were known—

even if not commonly—as "black pot" and "white pot," as probably older persons will remember. There are two varieties, the first consisting of blood of beasts slaughtered and groats, and the other of chopped meat and groats. In both cases the materials are enclosed in what are vulgarly called "pots," like huge sausages, though not akin to the German variety. But the Paignton historical article is certainly not a fleshly thing like these. We offer the hint, deferentially, for antiquaries to take up and follow—if they please. It would appear, however, that whatever the thing was that may have first been called "whitepot," that which is associated with the name during the last hundred years cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be called white. As a concoction, it seems to be something akin to a plum pudding. But it has, within the time named, been made and used for a public celebration. A newspaper of 1809 gives some information about it—though another authority gives 1819 as the year, or it may be that the latter was another "brew." The 1809 one consisted of 400 pounds of flour, 240 eggs, 140 pounds of raisins, and 170 pounds of suet. Four days were given to the cooking of it, after which it was drawn about the town by a team of oxen. Its ultimate end was

division among the poor. Now, according to the authority who gives 1819, that pudding weighed 900 pounds, and consisted of four hundredweight of flour, 120 pounds of raisins, 120 pounds of suet, and a large number of eggs. This was boiling three days, and was drawn about the town by three horses. It was intended to be eaten, but the method of cooking had proved unsuccessful, the outer portions being overdone and the centre had hardly been warmed. Paignton was delighted at the coming of the South Devon Railway in 1859, and again was the big pudding a means of jubilation. On this occasion, profiting by the failures of the past, there was no attempt at boiling. Baking was the method adopted, and the pudding itself was divided into eight portions, and afterwards put together. Previous samples were as nothing to this, for it weighed thirty hundredweight. Its constituents were 573 pounds of flour, 382 pounds of raisins, 191 pounds of currants, 191 pounds of bread, 382 pounds of suet, a great number of eggs, 360 quarts of milk, 320 lemons, 95 pounds of sugar, and 144 nutmegs. The cost ran to nearly fifty pounds. The great pudding was drawn by eight horses to the Green, where a public dinner to the people of Paignton and the surrounding villages had been arranged to take

place. Of course there were other eatables than this pudding, of nearly fourteen feet around at the base and five at the top. But things often go the wrong way, and the pudding did, though the meal that preceded its demolition was properly carried out. As a fact, the public attacked the pudding, and in spite of police defence and that of those who had the management of the affair, a most disgraceful scramble took place, in which everybody strove to get as large a share of the pudding as they could. There were about nineteen thousand people in the town on that day, and the scene can be imagined. Paignton is unique in its memory and experience of puddings, and unique also in the number and size of them that stand to its credit. And these are public puddings. Nowhere else in the world has such a record. Paignton has made history quite recently in the bringing in of a water-supply from Dartmoor—and celebrated it—in a watery way, somewhat. Whether enthusiasm in connection with local historic events has died out in the place, or whatever the cause, the town saw no reason to attempt any original flights on this occasion—and certainly no pudding pageant (which is really Paignton's own birthright) was ever thought of, or if so, no wave of the idea ever

reached the public ear. What a missed opportunity for pudding-making. Anyway the chance was lost, though the town has one of the finest supplies of water in the kingdom.

Paigntonians say that Torquay was built for them to look at, which of course is a statement of fact. From Paignton the aspect of the major town is very lovely, and the residents of it can get no view of their own town equal to that enjoyed by the neighbours. The more western town is proud of its magnificent beaches, which, it says, excel those of any of its neighbours. They are superb, vast stretches, and attract great numbers of visitors because of the facilities for bathing, boating, and such recreations as are associated with the sea. But inland, Paignton has much to be proud of in its glorious lanes of such splendid colour, leading away up to the higher lands at its back. Walking is not greatly arduous, and places within moderate distance are Goodrington, Galmpton, Brixham and Berry Head, Greenway, Stoke Gabriel, Berry Pomeroy, and many a less known but equally charming spot.

Climatically, Paignton is different from Torquay, as it stands open to the sea from south to north-east, and nobody finds it any other than bracing, especially

after the keener winds of spring have given way to those of the coming summer.

From Paignton the views are beautiful in all directions, and the picture of the Bay is frequently most attractive by reason of the big fleet of fishing craft from Brixham, either pursuing its calling near inshore, or making off to or returning from its further fishing-grounds. Splendid sailing-boats for the roughest weather are these craft, and nothing daunts their crews. Brixham is said to be the mother of the trawl-fishing of England, and it may be a poetic or an artistic claim, yet it has the elements of truth in it, no doubt. Of course, numerically the fleet of this little town is not equal to those of ports on the east coast; but as to boats and fishermen, then they of Brixham hold no second place. Brixham shares with Torquay in age, and has its most ancient dwelling-place, in the form of a very old limestone cave, wherein were found remains of animals long extinct in the British Isles, and evidences of prehistoric man. This and its memory of the landing of William, Prince of Orange, are its chief assets to-day, so far as the outer world is concerned. Within itself, of course, is its fishing industry, pursued, as ever, unflaggingly. Let it not be supposed, however, that Brixham town is not

HAMPSTEAD

ancient. Its very name tells that—the home of the Brixi. It is thus referred to in the Exeter Domesday Book: "Judhel has a Manor which is called Briseham, which Ulfus held on the day on which King Edward was alive and dead." This Judhel was Lord also of many manors, including Totnes, which we shall see by and by. Since these days the Lords of the manor have been of many families—well-known Devon names. And let it be known, the aristocracy of the democracy is represented now, as a large number of fishermen are Quay Lords, their shares having come by purchase. Property, curiously enough, was held here by the Luttrells of Dunster Castle, which place long, long ago was held by the Mohuns (who held Tormohun). The Luttrells are at Dunster Castle now. It was said above that William of Orange and the prehistoric Cave were the principal assets of the place; but it must not be forgotten to be mentioned that Charles II. once visited Nethway House (in which it is said were 365 windows), and left a fine thick coat behind. This was, after many years, cut into strips and divided. Mr Gregory, a local historian, says that a strip of it was in existence quite recently, and was being used as a razor-strop. This shows the

material must have been quite as tough as the story.

To the old folk there are two Brixhams, Higher and Lower, but as a matter of fact, at any rate for local government purposes, these are merged in one. The population is the respectable one of about ten thousand. The parish church of Higher Brixham is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, Perpendicular in character, with a fourteenth-century font. A church existed here before the time of Edward the Confessor. In Henry VIII.'s day, when George Carew was the vicar, personal tithes on fish were payable equal to £340 money value of to-day, which suggests that fishing was a big industry then. Apropos of this, and the handling of fish on the quay up to the year 1870, when the selling was in the hands of women auctioneers (the rights of men being invaded over thirty years ago), Mr Gregory gives the following interesting sketch of such a sale: "'Now then, Mr W., only come and just see what a lovely bit of fish I have got here, and I am only asking three pounds for it.' '*Only* three pounds; ay, Betty, is that all?' says the would-be buyer. 'Well, you're asking quite enough, I should say. I'll give you one pound, if you like to send it in.' 'I've only got one pound offered for this beautiful

lot of best fish,' screams the lady auctioneer, 'and I want fifty shillings for it.' 'Ay? ay?' says another buyer, 'fifty shillings? hum, what have you got offered?' 'Why, only a pound!' is the reply. 'Well, I'll give you twenty-five shillings,' says the buyer, and walks away to the other end of the market. 'Dear, dear,' says Betty, 'I'm sure I don't know what fish is coming to now-a-day. Here I've only got twenty-five shillings offered for this lovely lot of fish, and I'm asking two pounds for it. Mr W., will you give any more than twenty-five shillings, or will anybody give any more? Now you know my mind! Mr W., will you have it at a moidore?' 'Well, you may send it in if you like, Betty,' says he, and thereupon the bargain is struck for this lot." Whatever may have been the cause, ordinary men auctioneers do the selling now. But the women of Brixham, as of many other western fishing-towns, are robust and vigorous, and capable of holding their own in many ways.

There are very quaint holes and corners in Brixham town, and the material for pictures innumerable. Many subjects have, of course, been already painted, but the town has not yielded toll in this direction as it could. There is no reason

whatever why some artist of repute may not yet discover Brixham, and plant a school there. It has a charm of colour that even Newlyn and St Ives cannot show.

In such places it frequently happens that there are seasons when the men are not employed, and gather together, usually, with no higher purpose than to pass the time, talk commonplaces, and, possibly, to sing. This vocal qualification is not so pronounced to-day as it must have been some time in the past, judging by an old folk-song rescued from probable oblivion by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. The burden of this is to the effect that at a certain period Brixham folk were rare singers, but somebody—a cleric is hinted at—attempts to put down the efforts of those good folk. No reason appears, but perhaps the conduct of the singers, who seem also to be strollers, was not unimpeachable. Thus the song runs:

"In Brixham town so rare
For singing sweet and fair,
Few can with us compare,
We bear away the bell.
Extolled up and down
By men of high renown,
We go from town to town,
And none can us excell.

"There's a man in Brixham town
Of office, and in gown,
Strove to put singing down,
Which most of men adore.
For House of God unmeet,
The voice and organ sweet!
When pious men do meet,
To praise their God before.

. . .

"So now my friends, adieu!
I hope that all of you
Will pull most strong and true,
In strain to serve the Lord.
God prosper us, that we,
Like angels may agree,
In singing merrily
In time and in accord."

It has never been the general belief that any place in South Devon claimed such musical talent as this, except Modbury, and it has kept the torch alight to this day. Henry VIII. knew of it, and made such a claim upon one of the Champernownes that he remembered it to his dying hour. But here is Brixham's claim duly set forth, and there is nobody at this late day who would attempt to upset what really does not matter a jew's-harp to anybody.

Of course Brixham's place in history is a thing not to be slurred over without reference; any way,

the town is not likely to forget it while the memorial stands on the quay. Macaulay calls the stone upon which the Prince first stepped when he landed, an object of veneration, and this may be the more so because it is said it bears the mark of the princely foot. The stone has frequently, no doubt, been washed by the salt spray from the sea, and several grains are wanted to render this legend acceptable. The Duke of Clarence, in 1823, also first stepped on it when he disembarked, and it was brought to a place specially that he might do so.

On 5th November 1688, William of Orange came ashore, and the memorial of the event was unveiled with much ceremony on 5th November 1889, the foundation-stone having been laid a year previously, exactly two hundred years from the event it was intended to celebrate. The story has been frequently told of how a little man went into the water and bore the great man to the shore. The little man was called Varwell, and all the way to Exeter he was, if unofficially, a member of the Prince's procession, riding on in front, bare-head, on an ambling pony. The heartiness of the Brixham folk of the day is borne testimony to in the address they presented to him:

BRIXHAM
HANNAFORD

HAMPSTEAD
PUBLIC

"An' please your Majesty, King William,
You're welcome to Brixham Quay,
To eat buckhorn and drink Bohea
Along wi' we,
An' please your Majesty, King William."

There is much that is interesting about this. There appears to have been a fisherman poet in the place, and there is a gentle lilt about the "address," in keeping with the claim of the song already quoted. There is even now, or was, not long ago, a writer of melodious lines who ploughs the main in a Brixham trawler. It is true the good folk were rather in a hurry to clothe the Prince with kingship, but it was not an occasion to stand on fine distinctions when he stood on Brixham Quay—and probably glad enough to be there, as the weather was decidedly "dirty." It must not be supposed that "buckhorn" has, as might be believed, anything to do with a deer's antlers; it was something more easily assimilated and digested than that. That it was important enough to be mentioned to a king shows its value. In fact, it was the product of the local industry, as it is to-day, though the name does not seem to have been widely known. It is dried whiting, a fish of great relish, split down the back and salted. As to Bohea, there were prob-

ably as many drinking it then in Brixham as now, but for different reasons. Primarily, because there was probably no Bohea there; and further, because if there were, it would be about sixty shillings a pound. At that price the good people of Brixham did not indulge in afternoon tea with Bohea in the pot. To-day Bohea is out of fashion. But if the people made the offer recorded, it is to their eternal credit. The ship in which the Prince came to Torbay was a well-built example of British craftsmanship, for she was sea-worthy and was later used for trading to and from the West Indies. She was wrecked off Tynemouth one hundred and thirty-six years after the landing. Touching this matter, and as showing how the lapse of time is bridged in the generations, Mr Edward Windeatt, the learned town-clerk of Totnes, in a communication to the Devonshire Association in 1880, gave the experience of an old gentleman of eighty years, who was, as it were, in touch with this historical event thus recorded: "There are few now left who can say, as I can, that they have heard their fathers and their wives' fathers talking together of the men who saw the landing of William the Third at Torbay. . . . Another old man said, 'I helped to get on shore the horses that were thrown overboard, and

swam on shore guided by only a single rope running from the ship to the shore.' My father remembered one Gaffer Will Webber of Staverton, who lived to a great age, say that he went from Staverton as a boy with his father, who took a cart-load of apples from Staverton to Exeter, that the soldiers might help themselves to them, to wish them 'God speed.' I merely mention this to show how easily tradition can be handed down, requiring only three or four individuals for two centuries." There are a number of houses in Brixham associated in one way or other with this event. Between Paignton and Totnes is a cottage where William held his first parliament, and is now known as Parliament House. Probably no dwellers in it since then have had any very complete sense of veneration for its history. It might be worth consideration whether such a memorial might not be preserved as a national historical landmark. But these are rather iconoclastic and unvenerating days.

DARTMOUTH

GREAT as are the charms of Torbay—and they are indisputable,—they are altogether different from those of the mouth of the Dart. To many, the physical features of the latter, as seen from the water and thus compared with those of Torbay, far transcend them. The reason is, perhaps, that they are nearer at hand. And other charms make themselves apparent when an even closer approach is made and Dartmouth itself is made acquaintance with. There is, at any rate in Devon, no other place so delightful as this dear old town, and it is questionable if, in its particular way, it is not the most charming of old English towns and boroughs. Delightful in situation, cosy and snug under the hills, with a richness of verdure in the summer that makes some portions of it like fairyland, it stands alone in its picturesqueness; nowhere else is like it. Whether it be reached by rail or

The Butter Walk
DARTMOUTH
HANNAFORD

by sea, the first impression made on any one who has any sense of artistic perception, is a most pleasing one.

Then no town in Devon gives such an impression of age and mellowness as do parts of this. It is, admittedly, not all over alike in this picturesqueness, but the feature is marked in the portions that first meet the view of the newcomer. Baring-Gould tells the story of his first acquaintance with it in rapturous manner, and, from his point of view and that of many others, the praise is none too high. Thus says he (he made acquaintance with the old town by passage down the Dart, from Totnes): "The descent of the Dart should be made as I made it then, on an early summer evening when the sun is in decline, and the lawns are yellow with buttercups, when the mighty oaks and beeches are casting long shadows, and the reaches of the river are alternating sheets of quivering gold and of purple ink. As I went down the river, all dissatisfaction at my lot passed away, and by the time Dartmouth came in view I could no longer refrain myself, but threw my cap in the air, and barely caught it from falling overboard, as I shouted, 'Hurrah for merry England!'"

Compared with Dartmouth, the ancient glory and

history of neighbouring towns is as nothing, though some of them have waxed strong while little Dartmouth has, to some extent at any rate, waned. It has in its past had great importance, always in connection with the sea. From the first it is clear that high and low within its borders were sturdy folk, in days when such were wanted. Whether there is no call for such spirit nowadays, or whether advancing civilisation has had a retarding influence or not, there seems to be less enterprise in some of these old ports now. In the old days they would not go under, but would be at the top or near it. However, we will show, as briefly as may be, that Dartmouth has much to glory in in her past.

Dartmouth is composed of what was in early days three manors—Clifton, Dartmouth, Hardnesse; and these became incorporated, according to some authorities, in 1341, in the days of Edward III. It has been stated that King John gave the town "mayoralty," possibly in 1214, when he was in the town, and an authority says this was confirmed in the reign of Henry III. However, it seems that in 1319, in the days of Edward II., the inhabitants claimed to have been a free borough in the reign of Henry I. Of the three manors already referred to, Dartmouth in 1203 belonged

PUBLIC HAMPSTEAD LIBRARIES

to Totnes and so remained until the reign of Edward I., when it was conveyed to Nicholas of Tewkesbury, the transaction receiving the royal assent in 1305. In 1327 Nicholas de Tewkesbury conveyed to Edward III. the town and port. That king granted a charter in 1337, with another giving fuller powers and advantages in 1341, and it is the latter, as it appears, which is the more readily accepted as that of incorporation. Probably this is so, because in the charter of Elizabeth in 1558 that of Edward III. is the earliest referred to. In 1485, by an agreement between Henry VII. and the "mayre, bayliffes, and burgesses of the burrough," who had "beggone to make a strong and mighty and defensive new tower and bulwark of lime and stone adjoyning to the Castle," they were to go on to finish it and "garnishe with gouns, artillerye," as well as "find a cheyne sufficient in length and in strength to streche and be laid over thwarte or stravers the mouth of the haven of Dartmouth aforesaid, from the one towre to another towre there." They were to keep and defend this, and for the doing of this were granted £40 annually for ever out of the customs and subsidies of the ports of "Excester and Dartmouth." If payment of the money was missed, then the town was freed from its

agreement. William Clark is stated to have been the first mayor of the town, in 1341.

If the town was incorporated only in 1341, it was granted a market over a century earlier, in 1226, to Richard of Gloster. The market-day was Wednesday, and there was a fair of three days at the festival of John the Baptist. There was also a grant of a Thursday market at Clifton Super Dartmouth, by Edward I., in 1301, to Gilbert Fitz Stephen, then Lord of Townstall. In connection with this was a two-days' fair at the festival of St Margaret.

The sea-dogs of Dartmouth probably were all of hardy sort, ever ready for daring deeds—not, perhaps, without an eye on the plunder and profit of voyages and expeditions, which may have been honest and fair, or may not. No doubt the expedition of King John in 1205 afforded opportunity for wiping off some old scores. The port contributed six ships in the twenty-first year of Edward I.'s reign to send to a fight in mid-Channel, and though the English fleet was much smaller, it seems to have come off best. In 1298 two ships went with that King's expedition to the Firth of Forth. The town contributed eight hundred men and thirty-one ships to the expedition against Calais in

HANNAFORD
Bayards Cove
Dartmouth

Edward III.'s day, in 1347. Some of the sailors of the port joined with those of Portsmouth in 1383, taking five French ships, most of the crews of which were killed in action. These various happenings were clearly more or less associated with the interests of the state, but without much doubt there were many little private enterprises which were a great deal like piracy and buccaneering. There was one Hawley, a great merchant prince of the port, who, either from patriotism or for some other reason (and it is perhaps not wise to inquire too deeply into the matter), engaged Portuguese ships at his own cost and pounced upon French vessels in 1389, capturing thirty-two of them laden with "wine of Rochelle." A few years later he was called before the Privy Council on suspicion of acts of piracy, but seems to have been able to "explain" the charge away. He was member of Parliament for the borough from 1399 to 1408. Though Drake and the western sea worthies of that period are more usually associated with Plymouth, there is little doubt but that they were also connected with Dartmouth in voyages and expeditions. At any rate, two ships—the *Crescent* and the *Harte*—were fitted out at Dartmouth, and were "in fight with the Spanish Armada off the

Start." In the town archives there is a record kept of the fitting them out. They were "to serve the Queen's Majestie under my Lord Admyral and Sir Francis Dracke." And so on, all through the history of the nation; though of course in the later days the importance of Plymouth grew, while that of Dartmouth did not. There must have been, from early days, lively, surging times in the old port, for Rufus thought he had gauged the people when he said he was sure that, if he understood the youth of the kingdom, there would be plenty of those around him at Dartmouth (where he was chafing at the delay a raging storm had brought about) ready to go over sea with him to the siege of Mans, and he was not far wrong.

Fighting at their own doors has perhaps not been the game the Dartmothians have played, if they could help it, but this has happened, too. The town is said to have been burnt by the French in the reign of Richard I., but the statement is largely traditional. It is, however, pretty clear that a French expedition, after doing some burning at Plymouth in 1404 turned attention to Dartmouth. Whether the townsfolk were ready or not does not matter, the invaders got hold of a hornet's nest, and were very ruthlessly dealt with,

the women of the defending side vying with the men in bravery. Du Chatel—the leader of the French—was killed, and many of his people were slain and taken prisoners—these latter including "three lords and twenty knights of note." Holding with the Parliament, the town was attacked by Prince Maurice in 1643, and after a sturdy defence was vanquished. Then came another siege from the other side, under Fairfax, in which, after a while, he was victorious. This is the last fighting at home by Dartmothians.

Surely no borough, port, or town in South Devon, or even in England, has more right to the titular distinction of Royal than has this little town of Dartmouth, if it had ever made claim to it. Taking Julius Cæsar to be of blue blood of the required tint it is not unlikely that he was at Dartmouth, seeing there is a tradition he was in Torbay, only a few miles away. Whatever may have happened in Saxon times in this respect, it does not seem to be recorded that "royalty" visited this place. William Rufus was hunting on Dartmoor in 1099 when things went awry in Normandy. Word was brought him that the city of Mans was being besieged, and he made immediate preparations to proceed to France, starting on

his voyage from Dartmouth. This was not the only warlike expedition to the coasts on the other side of the Channel that went out from the little port—a long while after this. Richard Cœur de Lion, before he became king, had agreed to join Philip of France in an expedition to the Holy Land, and this is known as the Third Crusade. A fleet, gathered from many parts of England and from Normandy and Brittany, assembled at the little South Devon port, where in all probability the king inspected it. An old historian has said of it:

> "Thei had in their route a hundreth shippes and ten
> But God thei had no doubte, ne no defaute of men."

So the expedition was a large one. This royal fleet is said to be the first recorded instance (and probably it was the first, anyway) of so long a voyage from the shores of England, Palestine being the ultimate aim. It is likely that some member or members of the royal house may have been in the town between the sailing of this expedition in the spring of 1190 and fifteen years later, but the next record speaks of King John being here in 1205 for three days in June. He was making plans for an expedition against Normandy, but it was never brought to fruition. He

was, however, again in Dartmouth in 1214, presumably in a different temper on that occasion, having, just previously, been repulsed in several engagements in France, and having concluded a truce with the French king. Leland, who was here in the time of Henry VIII., says John gave the town "the privilege of mairaltie"—perhaps as a sort of thanks for finding it a safe haven just at that juncture. Authorities are not agreed on the matter, and the statement is not generally accepted. In 1643 Prince Maurice of Nassau visited the place—bombarding and besieging it. In the same year Charles I. held a court in the Butter Walk, and the house still remains. In 1671 Charles II. paid the town a visit. Coming down to more recent days, William IV. and Queen Adelaide (when Duke and Duchess of Clarence) were in the town in 1828; Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort in 1846; the Duke of Edinburgh, the Prince of Wales, and his Majesty King Edward VII. subsequently. So it has been visited right royally.

In 1298, Dartmouth first sent members to Parliament, having representation by two, which, important as the place was, was a liberal allowance. The number of freemen entitled to vote must have been few; perhaps, however, they were more then

than in 1822, when the number was forty-five. But the arrangement in force for the first fifty years or so seems to have been "vagarious," whatever may have been the cause. From 1340 regular representation was kept up till 1832, when the town lost one of its members, and in 1868 the other, being then merged into a county division. It is now comprised in that of Torquay—not even having the honour of giving its name, as it might well have done, to the parliamentary district. Considering its age and history, and what had happened in the case of Totnes (senior to Dartmouth, by the way), there was good precedent for this. A town that had been sending members to Parliament for five hundred years must have had a hand in the making of history.

Three old churches are within the borough boundaries, and each of them is interesting. That there are so many may be inferred from the statement already made of how Dartmouth has been created from three parishes and the villes pertinent to each. But the mother church is that of Townstall, well up a high hill and looking down upon the old town and the surrounding country, yet not quite atop of everything, for land is high hereabout. It is pretty generally believed to be

the "Dunestal" of Domesday, and was taken from Anseger the Saxon, when William took—and freely gave away—the manors of the west country. When the sieges of the Parliamentary Wars were in progress, the walls of this ancient building suffered. There was probably an earlier building, but this is mainly of the early fourteenth century. For several centuries it was held by the Abbot of Torre, and the last of these—Simon Rede—turned out of his home at the Suppression, is supposed to be buried in the south transept, and the grave protrudes into the churchyard. Some doubt has arisen as to the dedication of the old church of Townstall. Some authorities give St Clement, but Dr Oliver, who wrote in the seventeenth century, makes strong contention for St Mary Magdalene. St Saviours, which in these latter days is generally looked upon as the principal church, is really the Chapel of Holy Trinity. It is practically in the heart of the town. Though dedicated to Holy Trinity on 13th October 1372, it is believed to have been in existence, or the major portion of it, before this, as the style of building suggests. There was a monastic house somewhere hereabouts at an earlier date, occupied by hermits of a sort; and one of them set up as Bishop of Jerusalem, causing

scandal and inconvenience. The church is exceedingly interesting within, having numerous memorials of bygone personages of distinction. The other old church is that of St Petrock (sometimes St Petrox), out at the edge of the sea and contiguous to the Castle. "It has been called the Chapel of the Virgin Mary, before the founding of a Chantry, dedicated to St Petrock, in the reign of Edward III." This chantry chapel was probably built by the Lord of the manor, and was dependent on Stoke Fleming, an adjacent parish. Visitors to the town, while making St Saviours and St Petrock objects of examination do not give the like attention to St Mary Magdalene of Townstall, though it is clear that there are reasons for this in the greater accessibility of the other two, and the evidences of age within easy sight.

But in Devon and out of it, the place has a notoriety by reason of the number of quaint old dwelling houses that still exist. The principal group of these is that known as the Butter Walk. These houses are probably Carolian if they do not reach back to beyond these days. Erection is usually credited to a merchant named Hayman in 1635 and 1640. When Prince Maurice was victor in 1643, Charles I. is said to have held a parliament

Fosse St.
Dartmouth
HANNAFORD

in a room in one of these dwellings. Charles II. probably visited it in 1671, when he was a week in the town. In Fosse Street there is still a front to a house which is very striking and beautiful, and this has been deemed to be of greater age than the Butter Walk. In Higher Street are some other very fine fronts. Dartmothians who have built in the vicinity of these several examples in quite recent years have evidently desired to keep in touch with the spirit of the place, for the new buildings are after the manner, externally at any rate, of the old, and this is not without value to the town.

Dartmouth itself being so charmingly placed, it may readily be assumed that in the neighbourhood is much delightful country. And so is it. The trip up the Dart brings into view new beauties at every turn. Of the places so situated, and as it happens that most accessible from the old town, is Dittisham, which Fairfax, in his report to both Houses of Parliament, after his successful siege, called "Ditsham," which is the pronunciation of the present day. This village is famous, specially, for its plums, which enjoy a great reputation all about the countryside and far beyond these limitations. Also its lasses have more than a local name

for charm and comeliness, and it is a place also associated with clotted cream and salmon. Formerly it may have had a more sinister reputation for nagging and scolding wives, for it was said the Anchor Stone, in the centre of the river not far away, was sometimes used for the banishment of such, when the tide was flowing, and where they had to remain until the water was up to their necks. But Dittisham's beauty wipes away the effect of all such stories.

In Miss Mary W. Findlater's charmingly simple and well-told story, *A Blind Bird's Nest*, the place is sketched admirably, though it appears under quite another name. Lovers of Devon who know the country cannot fail to discover that this is the little famous village by the Dart. "The village lay on the side of the hill. So steep was the single street that it looked like a flight of stairs. There were roads somewhere winding about on the heights above the houses, but the whole immediate life of the place was carried on by water. Buried, hidden, secret as it was from the rest of the world by land, the great water-way in front of it was its connection with life. The boats of the Romans had passed up there. Countless generations had come and gone, leaving no marks behind them; the

HANNAFORD

HAMPSTEAD
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small, low-browed houses on the quay were only the successors of others still more ancient which had watched the broad highway with the eyes of their little windows for hundreds of years. It looked a place to hide in, there to forget and to be forgotten. . . . The road was so narrow that two people could almost have shaken hands across it. On either side stood low houses, each set in a tiny garden, at that season dense with flowers—the whole air smelt of them ; flowers were everywhere, in every cranny, almost between the stones. Even in the broad sunshine the village wore an air of concealment; it was set among orchards, which filled the hollow of the hill, and surrounded every cottage. Wherever you looked the prospect was closed with orchard trees. . . . Buttercups grew thick amidst the lush grass, and more flowers ran over the edges of the old walls. . . . You caught glimpses of doors open within doors, of strange nooks and little court-yards." Many may consider this a description from the realms of fancy, but it is more real and true than a strictly accurate and prosaic rendering might have been in other hands.

Greenway House is on the other bank of the river, and here it was that Sir Humphrey Gilbert was born in 1539, and where he often was with his

half-brother Sir Walter Ralegh in after years, as also at Compton Castle, to which reference is made elsewhere. It is not unreasonable to imagine that great dreams of empire and discovery have been dreamed by waters of Dart, for up the river a little further is Sandridge, the birthplace of John Davis, who under Government auspices took voyages to the north-west of the American continent in 1585, 1586, and 1587, and from whom Davis Straits takes its name. In a voyage of discovery in Southern Seas he discovered the Falkland Islands in 1591. He made many voyages to the East Indies, and was killed by pirates off the coast of Malacca about 1605–6. Stoke Gabriel is a village not far from the river, still nearer Totnes, and a very fine yew-tree is found in the churchyard there. But time would fail to write all that the charms of the neighbourhood call for, so we will refrain from following so congenial and so deserving a theme.

Kingswear may, however, be considered the railway port of Dartmouth, for here it is that the iron road stops. Not much inconvenience arises from this, because the facilities for crossing the stream are fairly easy, the Great Western Railway providing a steamer which is timed for the arrival and departure of trains, and there is the ancient

KUMPOHEHR
CARMOUTH

HAMPSTEAD

halfpenny ferry which crosses from near the railway station to the old slip at Dartmouth. The town is reputed to excel in age its neighbour over the river. Of the very ancient church, restoration has not permitted much more than the tower to remain. The walk out from the town toward the sea is truly delightful at all seasons, and especially in the spring and summer. The views of Dartmouth, looking back, seen in many peeps, are exquisite. Memory of Sir Walter Ralegh and his first smoke (this is credited to many spots) is now associated with the mansion of Brookhill, where is a portion of the chimney nook from Greenway. Below the house are remains of the "towre" which was the object of the bargain between Dartmouth and the King. Kingswear Castle is very well preserved and is inhabited. It is not visible from the roadway above, but aspects of it to be had further seaward show it to be well preserved, and standing yet as one of the posts of the invisible gate that barred the way to the quieter waters of the Dart inside.

TEIGNMOUTH

Teignmouth lays claim to be the second in importance of the Devonshire watering-places, but whether the claim is admitted or not does not matter. Either way, it cannot add to or detract from the attractions of the place, which are many, pronounced, and distinctive. But, after that, the claim is really worth attention. At any rate, on the south coast of Devon it may be admitted. But why trouble about this?—it butters no parsnips. In situation it is most charming, its history and tradition are keenly interesting, and it has modern claims to attention. Then, what would you? As to climate and position there is no second opinion in the place but that this is equal to any town in South Devon, and certainly facts bear out the claim largely. Lying under the shelter of the table-land of Haldon (eight hundred feet up), and the big hills at its back, it is happily placed in reference

to northern and north-easterly winds. From sunrise to sunset, and especially in the winter, Sol can look down and shed his beams upon the town—and does. And there is, too, the tempering sea, with its warming influence in the winter and its cooling power during the summer-tide.

Beside all this there is the great gift of a noble river, upon which craft of large size may float, bringing and carrying for the needs of the townsfolk and those others who may be served best in this way. It must have struck a number of persons that Devon is rich in places with names that signify their position at the mouth of a river. And Teign is one of the important streams from that mother of rivers—Dartmoor. From Teignmouth up to Newton Abbot is a tidal estuary of six miles, a very fine sheet of water when the flood is full, and picturesque under most conditions. This fine estuary is, in a way, enclosed by the vast bank of sand that centuries upon centuries of tides and storms and other forces of nature have gathered at its mouth. The river here bends suddenly between the Ness on the Shaldon side and the Den on the Teignmouth shore, and passes with great impulse out into the ocean or in the opposite direction, as the case may be. So there is, as may be supposed,

considerable variety and movement on the two shores of Teignmouth, that of the sea and that of the river.

Coming from the eastward by rail the visitor who enters South Devon by this route will find, especially in the summer time, such a display of colour as few areas could approach, and certainly not rival. The charm may be said to begin to exert itself at Dawlish and to grow in power and force as Teignmouth is approached. Here is a combination frequently observable — a blue sky with majestic clouds; sea with a sheen rivalling the sky in colour, with tints all its own; brilliantly red cliffs, with half tones in rich gradation, clad right down to the railway with verdure of almost inconceivable brightness, and dotted here and there in the grass and where a footing may be found on the cliffs, with masses of wild flowers of many kinds. Such a combination may perhaps be found nowhere else. The railway runs by deep cliffs, with the sea rolling and dashing or moving in oily swells that are hardly perceptible, now and again through tunnels, and anon in deep cuttings — and so the visitor reaches the town at the mouth of the Teign.

This mention of the river that gives the place its name affords the opportunity of saying that

the town once had a river—a little one it is true—that flowed through the centre of it and was crossed by a bridge. That it was, after all, only of the dignity of a small stream is perhaps due to the fact of the Teign being so near. Lower Brook Street at any rate took its title from the Tame. Many of the younger people cannot conceive of this embryo river passing through what is now the principal business way of the town. Of course it still flows, if out of sight; a stream of that sort is not to be suppressed, and finally reaches its bourne, the river.

No town in South Devon presents so few evidences of its far-off origin. It was without doubt a Saxon settlement, and then it was under the authority (in manor and church matters, at any rate) of its—more ancient—neighbours, Dawlish to the east and Bishopsteignton on the west. There is legendary story that the Danes burnt the town about the year 800, and there is little doubt but that in 1001 they kindled another conflagration at "Tegntun," which is considered to have been either Bishopsteignton or Kingsteignton, both westward of the present site of Teignmouth, but near the north shore of the Teign.

Teignmouth was included in the manor of

Dawlish when that was granted by Edward the Confessor to Leofric (afterward first Bishop of Exeter) in 1044. The two Teigntons previously mentioned were at Domesday owned by the Bishop of Exeter. Though the king mentioned had given the manor to Leofric personally, William the Conqueror altered the possession to the See of Exeter. There was a fair established by grant of Henry III. for St Michael's Day, to be held on 28th, 29th, and 30th September. In Edward I.'s reign, members were first sent to Parliament from the town. We know that Dartmouth contributed to the fleet sent to Scotland by this king, and probably Teignmouth shared—not perhaps because she wished to, so much as because it was so "ordered and arranged." Some French visitors in 1340—dubbed pirates by certain writers (and the definition may be quite accurate)—were charmed with the place, painting it red, with fire. This exemplification of the *entente* was not at all to the fancy of the inhabitants, so they saved themselves up for a payment in kind at a future date. This opportunity was afforded seven years later, for the town contributed seven ships and a hundred and twenty seamen against Calais in 1347. It is conceivable that there was a good deal of spirit put into the

departure of the Teignmothians, for there was never any lack of heartiness among the men of the town for an adventure. The French did not indulge in any more fireworks at Teignmouth until toward the end of the seventeenth century (1690), but on that occasion the illumination was a very fine one, valued at £11,000. As at that date all the houses were thatched, of course there was poor chance of stopping the fire when once it had been set a-going. The town was then, as now, open to attack from the sea at many points, and could not be defended after the manner of such ports as Dartmouth and Plymouth. This raid was practically the cause of the building of the battery on the Den, which up to quite recently was in use by the local artillery volunteers. This big fire of course explains the almost depressing modernity of Teignmouth, for the rebuilding of the place took the characteristics of the period, and probably the work done was not nearly so substantial as that which had preceded it. And so change has since followed change with some rapidity. The journey of Leland in the west has been more than once referred to, because he had such an observing eye that comparison may be made with his day and this. At Teignmouth visitors frequently wonder

at the names Ness (for the high cliff opposite the town) and Den (the big green and strand at the mouth of the river). Probably these have come down from the Saxons—for there are similar words in use elsewhere to be so traced. However, in Henry VIII.'s day they were in use, as now, for Leland thus writes: "The very utter west point of land at the mouthe of the Teigne is caullid the Nesse, and is very hy red cliffe ground." He conjectures that the low sandy ground has been thrown up by storm of wind and water. That damage and change have happened to the Den now and again appears to be the meaning of his words in this: "At the west side of this town is a peace of the sandy grounde afore spoken of their caullid the Deane, whereon hath been not many yeres sins diverse houses and wine-cellars."

The churches of Teignmouth are of ancient foundation—that much is clear; but a great deal of what meets the eye is not perhaps of very remote date. A Saxon church preceded the Norman edifice of Saint Michael (East Teignmouth) before the Conquest. Norman is perhaps a convenient term to use as a flavouring, for though stones of that date may be there the church was practically rebuilt in 1821–22. When this took place it is said the

TEIGNMOUTH
HANNAFORD

HAMPSTEAD

old Saxon walls were standing, and, of course, the Norman additions; and, equally beyond doubt, the old church wanted "conservating," so it was re-erected in the "mixed style." An old print in Dr. Oliver's work shows the ancient edifice to have been quaint in appearance and not unlike a fortress in some respects. When pulled down, some of the visiting cards of the French, in the shape of cannon balls, were found embedded in the walls. Age has not yet mellowed the outside, but it may be presentable in a thousand years. Additions were made in 1876, and a new tower, as a Jubilee memorial, put up in 1887. Leland, as is not quite his wont, became apparently a little confused as to distinctions, when he made notes. He says that what is now East Teignmouth "is Teignmouth Regis and chirch of St Michael . . . . and this is taken for the elder town." He has mixed this up with Kingsteignton, which is close by Newton Abbot. Then he says: "The other town caullid Teignmouth Episcopi standeth by the north on the same shore. Ther is a chirch S. Jacobi." This is evidently a jumble of Bishopsteignton, two miles away, and West Teignmouth of to-day. St James is the parish church of this part of the town. Evidently in the latter portion of the fourteenth

century it was under the spiritual care of Bishopsteignton, for Bishop Grandisson ordered the vicar of that place to provide a chaplain "as his predecessors had done." Surely there never was a more curious-looking church, both exteriorly and within, than this. It is sometimes called the "round church," but it is more in accord with a Devonshire saying as being "neither round, oval, nor square." The church of which there is record was Perpendicular, and it had two chapels. Whether it was in all respects a perfect building, it must have been singularly interesting until changes had been made within by the removal of the screen and additions. However, nothing would do but that it must come down in 1819 and the present building be erected; this was opened in 1821. It is certainly, within, a departure from general methods, and among other things there is a dome, supported upon pillars and quite Arabic or Moorish in style. It appears that the old church was singularly rich in carvings, with statues and decorative work such as must have made it a real treasure-house of such things. Part of the old Norman tower survives. This boom in church restoration was probably the outcome of Teignmouth finding itself, about that date, a place acceptable to those who sought recreation and

change, though this had to be secured by a stage-coach journey from London. Probably the funds forthcoming for these church building operations were from the visitors of quality—and there must have been few others when cost of journey is taken into account—who had discovered Teignmouth.

Though Torquay and Torbay towns have had some distinction conferred on them by the residence in them in past and present days of literary folk, yet there is more of literary and artistic association about the town we are now dealing with. But now days are more prosaic, or things have more that flavour, than when John Keats and Winthrop Mackworth Praed were inspired by what they saw in the *rus in urbe* of Teignmouth early in the nineteenth century. It is believed that Keats here finished his "Endymion," as the volume bears the date of Teignmouth, 10th April 1818. At that date Luny, who was of considerable reputation as a painter of sea pictures, lived in Teign Street. It is not the sort of street now in which would be naturally sought the home of such a person, but it is by no means unpicturesque, and it does not appear to be unduly modern. It is said that the first coach used in the town was that brought from London by Mr. Sergeant Praed, father to the poet

already mentioned. This gentleman's country house was at Bitton. He was buried in West Teignmouth churchyard in 1835. Bitton was a delightful spot up to quite recent times. The view was superb over land, river, and sea. And thus wrote Praed:

> "There beamed upon the river side
> A shady dwelling-place
> Most beautiful! Upon that spot
> Beside the echoing wave,
> A fairy might have built her grot,
> An anchorite his grave."

And this was true up to the closing years of the nineteenth century. Now there are crowded close up to a portion of the grounds scores and scores of commonplace little brick houses. A part of the estate has been secured by the town, and it is hoped that Bitton House, with its associations, may be preserved. Of the glorious wealth of trees that made the scene so charming, some portion remains, but the prosaic art of wood-chopping has been much practised there. Not much air of seclusion now remains about any portion of the property, and some of its artistic charm is gone. But of course the outlook, in some respects, is yet as when Praed wrote. He refers to "Two trees that were themselves a wood," two elms, and, it is

believed, planted at the birth of the poet's sisters. These stood in the grounds, and it is hoped they may be spared as long as blustering gales pass them by.

Bitton House, with its associations, is to be appropriately preserved as a School of Art. This will be one of the happiest natural arrangement of things within the town. The school has been in existence under its present master for the past twenty years, in quite unsuitable and inadequate premises. Despite these disadvantages several of the students trained there have been exhibitors at the Royal Academy. And much good work has been done quite lately in improving design and work in Devonshire lace.

Teignmouth is well placed in relation to scenes of beauty outside of but contiguous to its border. There is Shaldon, across the river, to be reached by a boat-ferry or by means of the bridge built in 1826–7, said to be the longest of its kind in the kingdom—1671 feet from shore to shore. This little spot is in two parishes—Stokeinteignhead and Ringmore (St Nicholas). The latter is the nearer to the mouth of the river, and the old church, an exceedingly small edifice, now used as a chapel, is a very ancient building or foundation, the basin of the font being said to be pre-Saxon.

well (Ladywell) Chapel, dedicated to St Mary, and dating probably from the fourteenth century. They are rather difficult to find, and the tenant of the land on which they stand (not without excellent reasons, doubtless) by no means encourages pilgrimages thereto. The story is that the monk doing service here was a very evil person. It is laid to his charge that lonely travellers over the moor, seeking hospitality of him, never woke from their sleep, were robbed, and subsequently were thrown into a well near by. The story is well told in a sketch that was written sixty years ago, and probably had been also told many times before that in the preceding centuries. From evidence in the following extract of a speech on the spot in 1899, when the Teign Naturalists' Field Club met there, it would appear that what had happened somewhat bore out the legend that has been current —thus: "Only recently the researches of the Rev. Hingston Randolph among the Bishop's Registers at Exeter have brought to light the fact that in 1329 one Robert Middicot, a priest, who had been imprisoned by the civil power for highway robbery on Haldon and burglary, and for enticing one Agnes, the daughter of a miller, to the chapel at Lawella, near Haldon, had claimed the benefit of

clergy, and Bishop Grandisson had appointed a commission to inquire into the matter. The crimes appear to have been admitted, and the priest liberated on due purgation." Not very far away, but nearer the old Bishop's palace already referred to, are the remains of an ancient well—Whitwill or Whitewell, whence flows a stream down the hills, as it has done since it was probably so directed, for the use of the palace, six hundred years ago.

Going eastward from Teignmouth, way may be made by the sea wall, or over the highway; either is pleasant, and different from the other. A matter of three miles or so off is Dawlish. The Saxon name of the place, Doflisc, is said to mean "the meadow by the stream," and a definition that is fairly accurate to-day. But the meadow of then is "The Lawn" of now, and a considerable and attractive asset in the town's prosperity. Small and comparatively unimportant as the town may appear to be it was major to Teignmouth in early days. It will be remembered that at least East Teignmouth was under its wing in the days of Leofric, first Bishop of Exeter. And from then to the early part of the nineteenth century the parish was, with East Teignmouth, the property of the Dean and Chapter of Exeter, a long holding

indeed. Prosperity at Dawlish, after centuries of slow jogging along, came with the flood—in 1810, when, quickened by a torrent from Haldon, "Dawlish Water" wiped, if not everything, many things away. This gave the town the needed baptism and it moved forward. The impetus may have been due also to hearty jealousy of Teignmouth, which was now moving apace. At the top of the town is the anciently founded—and fully restored—church of St Michael, in which are some examples of Flaxman's work. The little town is a pretty place, and that is rather the definition of its type of beauty, so far as the setting of the town itself is concerned. It is charming in its softness, both of colour and of climate, and yet it is by no means without claims to the magnificent, as its big and smooth beaches and its great high cliffs, east and west, bear testimony. It is very attractive in many ways and deservedly reaps the reward of its modesty, for it cannot be said to have shown a bragging spirit at any time—except, perhaps, about its beaches, its bathing, and its beauty. Its lanes are gloriously green and red, and this is the prevailing colour scheme. Its richness in plant life, too, would draw attention from many not of the common crowd. Few towns can boast of such a

charming park as that on the Teignmouth road. From it the views are magnificent and far-reaching, and of ever-changing tint—a feast of colour and form. Dawlish deserves its popularity. Incidentally in the *Ingoldsby Legends* the town is thus alluded to:

> "Half village—half town it is, pleasant but smallish
> A place I suggest
> As one of the best
> For a man breaking down who needs absolute rest,
> Especially, too, if he's weak in the chest.
> And known, where it happens to *be* known, as Dawlish."

All who travel within sight of the sea between Dawlish and Teignmouth now and again hear reference to the "Parson and the Clerk." Of course the title is a fanciful designation of the shape of a cliff on the shore—the Parson, and a rock in the sea—the Clerk. There is a legend anent these that, aforetime, a parson and clerk, of Dawlish, who had been to Teignmouth to collect church moneys, were coming home along the inland road. The night was tempestuous, and, it may be, if such were possibly so then, they drank from some stream where the waters were strong, and so the pixies, or some other spirits, possessed them. Though the journey was not long they got lost on the way. Then they were invited into a house where great

festivities were on, and the travellers fairly excelled their hosts in many directions. At last they started again for home and accepted the guidance of the personage who had invited them to the feast. Under his direction they rode right into the sea amid ribald laughter, and lightning revealed that the Evil One himself had been their conductor. When the morning came their poor steeds were on the sands, but the Parson and the Clerk were never seen more. And these memorials testify to the story. Whatever may be happening to the Parson it is clear that the Clerk is getting smaller and some day will lose his head—as both did long ago.

HAMPSTEAD

NEWTON ABBOT

This important railway centre is looked upon by many as the capital of Mid-Devon, and there is nothing much to demur to in the claim. It is better known as a junction for going over several branches of the Great Western Railway than as a centre, though this is beginning to be appreciated. The town, to all appearance, is quite modern, but it is a great deal older than its look suggests. It cannot be said to be beautiful, but if time had lent colour to its streets and houses, and its natural charms had been conserved it would certainly have been very attractive. It is a bright, clean, and cheerful place, with an air of prosperity and vigour not noticeable everywhere. Though the town, in general, is in a valley, or on level ground between several hills, these latter add to its good appearance and give change and variety. It is difficult of credence for a place so far interior, but it is stated

that at one time it had a considerable trade with Newfoundland. A general belief is that the town lies upon the river Teign, and this impression is created and strengthened by the fact that the railway follows the north bank of that river all the way from Teignmouth to this place. In reality the Teign passes by the town from its birthplace on Dartmoor. The river that flows through Newton Abbot is the Lemon, but it does so, in the main, out of sight, through a well-built underground channel, and falls into the Teign. At one time it visibly divided the two Newtons which now make Newton Abbot.

The two Newtons were Newton Abbot and Newton Bushell, in the parishes of Wolborough and Highweek respectively. Probably no town in the west has had a more interesting origin and history. Which, though palpable enough to those interested, may be deemed of small account in these swifter moving times. The people of Newton of to-day are hampered by no traditions, and while this is no discredit to them, yet there may be others who come this way who may like to know a little how the place grew. It certainly was Saxon in settlement. In Domesday Ulgeburge stood for Wolborough, but there seems to be some difficulty in identifying Highweek. There was mention of

several manors of Wic and others with names something akin. Wolborough was held in Edward the Confessor's time by Alwin the Saxon, and given away, as was customary, after the Conquest to Alured Brito. Afterwards it was sold to William, Lord Briwere, the one who founded Torre Abbey. He made it the possession of the Abbot of Torre. Confirmation of this was made from time to time. In the first half of the thirteenth century one of the Abbots gave the hamlet of Schirebone (Sherbone) the name of Nova Villa, which afterwards became "Nyweton Abbotis"—the New Town of the Abbot. A market was granted to the Abbot by Henry III. in 1220–1 for this village of Schirebone, and a fair for three days at the feast of St Leonard, on 5th, 6th, and 7th of November. This granting of fairs was a happy thought of this monarch, as tolls were levied on his behalf on all the goods sold. With the overthrow of religious houses by Henry VIII. the manor passed from the possession of Torre Abbey to John Gaverok and his wife. This was in 1545, and as this gentleman had been steward of the manor before he became Lord, the vocation would appear to have been lucrative. In the reign of James I. the manor went to the Reynells and

through intermarriage and heiresses it reached the Courtenays of Powderham Castle, and thus became the property of the Earls of Devon, who still hold much here.

It is contended by a local historian that two manors, Wick or Teygnwick and Bradley, were mentioned in the survey, and that part also of another—Newentone — made up the ecclesiastical parish of Highweek. Other authorities do not agree with this—but whether they do or not there is Highweek to-day and Newton Bussel and Newton Abbot are happy together. The title Wic is held to show a Roman occupation in the neighbourhood, for a roadway from here joined the great military Roman road, and there are signs of the old British trackway. Indeed in 1815 ancient timbers were found and Roman ashlar work, which says, too, a good deal for the building of that day. Was co-operation or persuasion the principle underlying Bishop Lacy's indulgences of forty days each—on 12th January 1434 and 9th October 1438—for penitents who contributed to the building and repairing of Teign bridge? The name occurs in Domesday, suggesting a bridge there in Saxon times. However to go back to a little beyond this Domesday period, the manor was held by Ordulf,

one of the retinue of Edward the Confessor, who held eighteen manors in Devon—though this is disputed by some historians. Of course William the Conqueror soon changed the ownership of Highweek, and it went to his half-brother Robert. There is doubt about this Newton being the Newentone of Domesday; but if it were, then it was owned by Aluric and eventually went to the Norman Godebold. In 1104 Teignweek and other manors reverted to the Crown. Changes took place in ownership, but authorities differ. Walter Gifford, who held it by the annual fee of a pair of gilt spurs, gave it to Torre Abbey. After the Dissolution it was, according to Lyson, purchased by James Gaverok (John is named in connection with Wolborough), who conveyed it to Sir Richard Reynell, and it passed later to the Courtenays. Now it is in possession of the Seymours. In 1246 Theobald de Englescheville was granted the right to hold a Thursday market. This continued for sixteen years, when he conveyed the manor of Tengewick to his adopted son Robert Bussel, whence came the name of this Newton, Bushell becoming the later form. In 1308 William Bussel was granted the right to hold two fairs at "Bradelegh" on Ascension Day and that following,

and again, similarly, at the Feast of All Saints. The property passed to an heiress, the wife of one Roger Atyard, also spelt Yard, Yarde, and Yerde. One of this family is deemed to have built Bradley Manor, founding it on and including some portions of an earlier building. The Yardes held the property right down to 1751, from whom it passed by sale on several occasions to its present owners. This very briefly indeed shows that Newton Abbot has been in existence, more or less, for nearly a thousand years. It is said that the market has been held for seven hundred, which is quite a respectable and praiseworthy record.

Wolborough Church enjoys the distinction of being the church in Devonshire in which Mass was last celebrated at the Reformation. It stands upon the site of a very ancient building, and dates from the fifteenth century—Perpendicular in style. The font is Norman, of red gritstone, and is probably the only relic of the earlier church. There is a hagioscope and a holy water stoup in the porch. There are a number of interesting memorials within, and a beautiful screen. It is rich in panels, decorated it is believed by the monks of the Abbeys of Torre and Buckfast, and dating from 1480. In the porch, when restoration was being accomplished in 1885,

a fireplace was found, and its purpose is supposed to have been for the preparation of the meals of the priests from Torre Abbey, who served the church. The situation of the building is a fine one, and from the churchyard splendid views of the surrounding country may be had.

Highweek Church cannot lay claim to a like antiquity to that already dealt with, though, after that, it is well aged and certainly of great interest. It was formerly a chapel under Kingsteignton, consecrated by Bishop Lacy on 19th April 1428, and dedicated to All Saints. It is said that Bishop Briwere built a previous chapel here in the thirteenth century, for there is a deed mentioning it between 1224 and 1245. The present building was the outcome of an appeal to Rome because burials had to be made at Kingsteignton, which in these far-off days was, at times, difficult of access. Yet, despite this, the parishioners claimed the right of burial at the mother church down to 1864, when thorough separation was accomplished. But Worthy, who has made such matters his study, is inclined to doubt that any previous building existed on the site. We will, therefore, leave it at that. Perpendicular in style generally, it has had additions and alterations, and suffered thus in 1786. The oldest

portions of the building are the tower, chancel, nave, and north aisle. There is a Bradley aisle built by Richard Yarde in the fifteenth century. There was a beautiful screen prior to 1786, but it was badly mutilated then, and sculptures on the font and arches were hewn off and plastered over with lime. The memory of such things is apt to evoke indignation even yet, apart from any similarity, or otherwise, of belief among men. The screen has gone altogether now. Associated with the parish church, in a sense, is St Mary Chapel, which was either founded or restored, it is by no means clear which, in 1443, when Richard Yarde was High Sheriff of the county. It has been described as a beautiful building, even excelling in elegance the parish church. But it has suffered in the ages, and from whitewash. Some of its great beauty within appears to have been destroyed in 1896, when some alterations were made. Renovation took place in 1870. Mention may be made of St Leonard's Chapel, the remains of which is a quaint tower in the main street, at the Cross, and for the removal of which a modern Newtonian expressed his readiness to give fifty pounds toward a fund for the purpose. To this tower was once attached a chapel, though of small size. In Bishop

Grandisson's Register of 29th May 1350, it is referred to, so that it must date from before that. In 1411 an action was taken by the Abbot of Torre at the Exeter Assizes to determine whose property St Leonard's Chapel was, which it was claimed by the people "had been used by the Burgesses and inhabitants from time immemorial." The judges decided that the chapel belonged to the Abbot and Convent of Torre, and that the public had the right of the free use of the chapel.

There are three most interesting examples of domestic architecture in the neighbourhood—Ogwell Mill (said to have been a manor-house), Bradley Manor House, and Forde House, though they are not "show places," and the public has no access to them, except as of courtesy and by permission. They differ from each other very much in appearance. All are visible without any difficulty and their respective exterior charms may be appreciated. The first two are very near each other, that of Ogwell being the more distant from the town, and Bradley perhaps half a mile less. The latter is very beautiful in its architectural details, and within is an ancient chapel, now used as a dwelling-room. The building is a fine example of a fortified manor-house, believed to be of fourteenth-century origin.

To the antiquary there is no house in the district which would afford so much scope for examination. Forde House is quite close to the town and railway station. Its origin dates from about the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, its owner and builder being Sir Richard Reynell. It is somewhat in the form of the letter E, complimentary to the sovereign lady of the time. Outside it is somewhat plain in appearance, but within it had much decoration. Historically it is, perhaps, the most interesting building in the town, for though those previously mentioned are centuries older, and have had pass through their portals many of high degree, yet there is nothing notable recorded of them. It is otherwise with Forde. The house had been completed in the reign of James I. and it was not very old when Charles I. was there on 15th September 1625, on which occasion the King knighted Richard Reynell of West Ogwell and his brother Thomas Reynell, with the wish, "God give you joy." There were great feastings and doings on this visit. And the account has been kept of birds and fowls used, which among other "wild wonderful fowl" included "one gull." This poor thing was probably a wandering visitor from the Teign, shot by some cockney sportsman of the

party—who probably took great care not to taste it. Forde proved so enjoyable in its attractions that the King could not tear himself away. Sixteen days later he was back again, and on this occasion there was a great display of viands (in the way of presents as before) in which fish, including pilchards, played a somewhat prominent part. If these were caught in the neighbourhood it is a matter of interest, for pilchards have quite neglected the Devonshire coast for many a day. Among the birds were one barnacle (goose?), one hernshaw, one heath pult, one stone curlew, and two nynnets, surely, among a lot of commoner things, suitable for the most epicurean taste. About twenty years after, in the Civil War period, the house underwent siege several times, each party occupying it, until it finally was captured by Sir Thomas Fairfax. There was no more royal incident in connection with Forde until 1688, when William, Prince of Orange was there. The then owner of the house, Sir William Courtenay, did not offer a welcome such as was tendered to Charles, already recorded. He had, it is said, a very pressing, if not diplomatic, engagement elsewhere, though ample accommodation had been provided. It must have been a comfortable sleeping-place after the previous rough

experiences up to that date, for the boot was on the other foot now. The owner provided royalty with a good night, instead of royalty having provided two good knights as in the previous instance. On the next day the Prince left, without, it is to be feared, having cast an eye on Sir William. The Rev. John Reynell, rector of Wolborough, did not welcome the distinguished visitor either, though upon pressure, and in the name of the Prince of Orange, the bells of the church were rung. This perhaps helped to remove the impression created by the bad weather, the rain falling in torrents, and the roads being deep in mud. Forde House is still in possession of the Earls of Devon.

Newton not being by any means a town with a crowded population, and being, withal, well placed for nature to give it plenty of fresh air, has not such need of "lungs" as many places. But in this matter it is really wealthy. Right outside the railway station is Courtenay Park—the gift of the Earl of Devon—which is, as any one may perceive, a breezy open spot, which, while green and fresh, has all the general characteristics of the ordinary town park. It, however, is a great boon to the town and is keenly appreciated. But Newton has close to its borders two delightful sylvan retreats,

the like of which few towns possess. In fact, the town possesses neither of these—Bradley Woods and Milber Woods—but as there is no hindrance to the enjoyment of them it amounts to the same thing. These two delightful haunts are quite dissimilar in character, and probably the beauties of both are much more keenly appreciated by those who visit Newton, than by those who may visit them when they list. Because they are near at hand they do not tempt the resident so much as the visitor—which is a common experience in more places than Newton. Bradley Woods may be found by taking the Totnes road. The entrance to the arborage is a striking picture, and a little further on is the old manor-house already referred to, exquisitely set in the landscape, though at a lower level, perhaps, than would have been chosen now. There are paths and byways in great variety, and speedily a considerable height may be reached. Through the wood runs the little river Lemon. And near by is one other house mentioned—Ogwell Mill, a building which, it is said, was a manor-house. It is a plain mill to-day, so far as its functions go, but it is picturesque in great degree, though not in all parts, and dates at least, it is considered, from Tudor times. It is

much sketched and visited for the purpose of photography, but the artist gets better results than the user of the camera, who finds his limitations in a case like this. Milber Woods and Milber Downs are quite in another direction, off the main road to Kingskerswell and Torquay. While the owners of Bradley do not ever appear to have set great limitations to the use of their beautiful woods, so much cannot be said for those who possess Milber—who were here (in Devon) when the Conqueror came—for an ugly commonplace iron and wire fence keeps the public to a path which has been so used no doubt for centuries. It is quite within recent times that this tarred decorative effect has been added to the landscape. The woods consist, mostly, of pine, and though not great in area afford lovely pictures—and such could be studied before these limitations existed. From between the trees peeps of great beauty may be had, and when the top is reached and Milber Downs open to the eye, the expanse of country to be viewed is glorious and wide-reaching. Down in the valley lies Newton, and away beyond it the gentle heights of Wolborough and Highweek, while still farther afield are the tors and undulations of Dartmoor. Such a vista at so short a

distance from a busy every-day town is not within the reach of many. Antiquaries have found here a subject of some interest in the form of an ancient camp. There are, in the opinion of those who have gone into the matter, two camps or earth-works, the larger, on the north-west, being probably Keltic, if not of earlier date. At a higher elevation in a south-easterly direction is the smaller camp, and this is considered to be distinctly Roman. This would indicate that, ancient as we have shown the town to be, the district had a population very, very long ago—perhaps as far back as the period indicated in Kent's Cavern at Torquay, which place would be, as the crow flies, not more than five miles away from this spot. From here Haccombe—the reputed smallest parish in England—may soon be reached, and the walk all the way is a glorious one, especially in the late spring or early summer, when the foliage of the beeches is fresh and brilliant.

In another direction lies Kingskerswell, one of a series of villages of Wells, and the most important of them. The others are Abbotskerswell and Coffinswell. These do not include all the "Wells," for there are quite a number of them. Those named are the principal and are somewhat

associated because of the, more or less successful, efforts made about twenty-five years ago to create some local distinctive industries, in which the late Dr. Symons and Mr. John Phillips bore a large part. The village industries that they sought to create were the art of the potter, iron-working, and other simple crafts. The movement is said to have become practical without the aid of the local Authority in any way, indeed facilities if not refused were not afforded. So it began in the kitchen of a cob-wall cottage. The story is a keenly interesting one, but space cannot be afforded for it here. It took a very definite line when in 1881 a pottery was burnt down (the region it should be said is rich in potting clay) and an experiment was made in starting the production of terra-cotta. The "talent" which was utilised was that which the boys of the villages had evinced in the "school" that had been kept going. The Aller Vale pottery of to-day is the present phase of the work commenced then. It was the proud boast of the late Mr. Phillips that they made everything they wanted in the early days, including the colours with which they decorated the wares. The ware has now departed, unwisely so some think, from the quaint simple ideas of its originators, but it has a long and

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honoured record, and the productions of the pottery have gained a widespread repute. This craft was always associated with the three "Wells" named. Abbotskerswell is a very interesting spot, as is Ipplepen, where is a fine church, and also Denbury. This latter is more than ordinarily so, because Edward I. granted it a fair in 1285 which was held up to 1866 (when the "rinderpest" upset its career). And, what is most interesting of all is the fact that, in far Labrador, Denbury fair is still held, a dear tradition handed down by settlers from the old place. May not this be said to date from the days of Edward I. and his charter to the Abbot of Tavistock?

Kingsteignton, though the name rather seems to indicate connection with Teignmouth, is but a short way away from Newton. Reference has been made to it as the mother parish of Highweek. There is a very large pottery here for the manufacture of stoneware, and the village itself does not present indications of its considerable age. There is, however, more than one tradition yet hanging about the place, the memory of which, in a certain case, has not been permitted to pass into oblivion. Very few now probably have any idea of the origin of the "Lukes," which is a festival of Whitsuntide,

the beginnings of which could, but for—be traced to a prehistoric race, and much further back than the period now assigned to it. There flows a beautiful stream of water into Kingsteignton, and probably has so flowed for centuries. But there was a time when the village wanted water. Recourse was had to a woman—a wise one, one of the few, who was ready to meet the public wish if the people would remember to sacrifice a lamb to her each year. They, all too willing, for they were dry and thirst will evoke a most extravagant promise, promised, and the water came home. That is clear, for there it is to this day. On Whit Monday falls the feast and with it falls the lamb — but the proceedings are now called the "Sacrifice of the Ram." The stream is diverted, though the proceedings are by no means humorous to the ram, and in the bed of it the creature is cooked—if the ceremony does not take place in a neighbouring field as, for convenience, it may do. As now Whit Monday is a national *festa* no doubt the occasion is wisely utilised in many ways. The stream does its duty to the inhabitants and to the miller year in and year out, as its power is.

A branch line of the Great Western Railway runs to the moorland country and in its course

serves Bovey Tracey, Lustleigh, and Moretonhampstead in that direction. Another deviation, which was formerly a branch of a branch, is that which not so very long ago stopped at Ashton, but which now continues its course to Exeter itself, through the valley of the Teign—and affording glimpses of some very beautiful scenery on the way.

Bovey Tracey is a town of small size but well situated and growing greatly in repute, because of the bracing character of its air and by reason of its moderate distance from the great Devon moorland. Bovey—generally so called—is very ancient (though it is by no means the only Bovey in Devon), and was a Saxon and probably a British place. Curiously enough the manor was once part of the barony of Barnstaple, right away on the other side of the county. Its name in 1187 was Bovelie. Here was an episode of the Parliamentary Wars in 1646 of a striking character. The Royalists were taking life easy when Fairfax came suddenly and took them—by surprise and as prisoners, a great haul.

Lustleigh is nearer the head of this branch of railway and also closer to the moor, which it practically touches. Though small it is greatly appreciated, both by Devonians from less pleasantly situated towns and by visitors from outside. It is a very

old place, and indeed that is patent by the dates of several of the houses, showing the respectable age of two and a half centuries. Certainly the church of St John the Baptist is ancient, yet there is an inscribed stone used as its threshold that has been a great puzzle to antiquaries and which has provoked much research. It has been spoken of as of Romano-British date, inscribed CATVIDOC CONRINO. It must have been found on the moor, and likely used for its fine proportions. A writer has shown that the Druids used Greek characters, but this idea is said to be far-fetched—so were the letters of the inscription if they were of such origin. There is much indeed for the antiquary in and around the place—the Bishop's Stone, and the tradition is that Bishop Grandisson (his period was 1327–1369) dined on it as he passed through the village; the parsonage house; some old buildings possibly connected with a community associated with the priory at Plympton; and some ancient sacred vessels of church plate. Wadham College, Oxford, was founded in 1613 by the intention and in memory of Nicholas Wadham of Lustleigh, by his widow. In the matter of natural scenery the vicinity of the village is gloriously beautiful and includes the well-known Lustleigh Cleave.

Moretonhampstead, at the terminus of the railway, is a gateway of the moor, but it is rather out of the scope of the field of this volume. Moreton is, in the opinion of some, associated with a settlement of Flemings, but Worth laughs at the idea, though he admits it may have a touch of colour from the fact that it was once a seat of considerable woollen manufacture, in which the Flemings were interested. But of course the place is far older than this would suggest. Harold possessed it as a royal manor. The Earl of Ulster later held it by the render of a sparrow-hawk—but it has long been in the possession of the Earls of Devon. One of the Courtenays granted it a market in 1335. At Daccombe, near by, the lord was obliged to keep a cucking-stool for the use of scolding women. In the town the ancient poorhouse dates from 1637. The church is strikingly placed. Not far away, near the old almshouses, is what remains of the "Dancing Tree" referred to in Blackmore's *Christowell*. Moreton is the birthplace of that remarkable genius, George P. Bidder, "The Calculating Boy," whose prowess in that way has been without a rival. What is much to the point is he turned out to be a very fine hydraulic and electric engineer in a day when such were far from common.

It is not a far cry across to Chudleigh, which is, of course, not reached by an air-line in this easy way, an ancient spot on the railway that joins the branch at Heathfield. It is a very old settlement though it has quite a new look, arising from the fact that it was devastated by a big fire a century ago—1807, which consumed a great portion of it. There are several Leges in Domesday and this may be one of them it is generally assumed. It can easily be thought that—as it is near Moreton—it is one of the two Chiderlies of the Court of Moreton. Very early indeed it was attached to the See of Exeter, and was charged with providing twelve woodcocks—or their value, twelve pence—for the Bishop's election dinner. The church dates from the thirteenth century, having been dedicated by Bishop Bronscombe in 1259. There was an episcopal palace here, of which there are but few remains. A market was granted in 1309. Chudleigh was at one time more commercially important than now, for it was right in the main highway to and from Exeter. The coming of the railroad was not beneficial to the town. Between it and the railway are the famous Chudleigh Rocks, where is a cavern in which have been found evidences of ancient man, and where also, it is said, the pixies dwell. All

ladies propitiate them by sticking a pin into a mass of soft rock. Ugbrooke Park, the seat of the Cliffords, is the residence of Lord Clifford. It is somewhat imposing, but it cannot be said to be a thing of beauty. The park has some very beautiful timber in it, and the scenery, generally, is very fine. The Cliffords came into possession of the manor by the marriage of the daughter of Sir Peter Courtenay to Anthony Clifford of Borscombe, Wilts, in the sixteenth century. Charles II. in 1672 created the title of Baron Clifford. There is a fine journey to be made over Haldon from here to Teignmouth, in the course of which views of wide area and great beauty are to be found.

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TOTNES

South-west of Newton Abbot a few miles, reache
either by rail or road through a beautiful country, i
Totnes. There are a considerable number of person
who consider the town a sleepy place, quiet an
devoid of vigour and enterprise, and not in touc
with the times. All this is quite according to th
view-point of the observer. Totnes is differen
from many towns in the county and unlike som
of its more immediate neighbours, and it can affor
to be. Difference such as it may have has attrac
tion for those who do not hanker after the every
day, the common level, and the every-place-alik
spirit. And as to its people, are they not fairl
content, believing that their prosperity is, at an
rate, gently progressive, and thus, perhaps, mor
stable? Like its junior down the river—Dartmouth
—it has remaining within itself considerable evi
dence of days long past, and it is patent that som

of these things are charming mementos of bygone times. A modern author thus puts it: "However, dead or alive, sleeping or awake, Totnes is a beautiful and interesting town, how beautiful one does not know without going up the keep of the Norman castle on the hill, climbing up the battlements, and looking out over the rich soft country which stretches far and wide, a land of swelling hills and richly wooded valleys and green corn springing over the red earth." No one but a commonplace day-tripper, and the place is not greatly haunted by that fraternity, could disagree with this appreciation of the town's charms.

Of the founding of Totnes the facts are locked in the chests of the long past, but it is of great age. What more is necessary to back this statement than to say that in High Street (and the number of the house outside of which it is could be given, if accuracy were essential) is the very stone upon which Brutus, the Trojan, stepped when he landed. If it is still where he first set foot on it, or reasonably near, then either there has been a great earthquake or he was a fine stepper, for it is certainly a full quarter mile from the tidal waters of the Dart. It is really believed that there is foundation for this classic story and for the distinction that is claimed

for the ancient town. But the very spirit that is said to breathe over and in the place to-day must have prevailed long ago, for two old historians say the very name came from (of course this is a Norman joke and therefore only eight centuries old or so)—"*Tout al' aise*," "all at ease," and it is averred that this was evident by the couplet that the Trojan volunteered:

> "Here I stand and here I rest,
> And this place shall be called Totnes."

The story of the foundation of Dodenesse is set down by some as the invention of Geoffrey of Monmouth, by whom nobody sets much store as a recorder. And the same authority, however, speaks of the place as being associated with a "coast," "shore," and "port," indicating either that the town was once nearer the sea, or that a district was included in the name. That in the days to which reference has been made, the Dart flowed differently, and the town was nearer to the water, on its "clyf" side, may be assumed without going far wrong. Some authorities are inclined to believe that Totonesse was applied to the South Devon coast, if not to all Devon and Cornwall. But, any way, Brutus or not, it seems to have had its name when he came, though, again, this

is shown to have a largely Saxon flavour—*Dod*, to project, and *Ness*, a nose or headland, as is indicated in the Ness at Teignmouth and Hope's Nose at Torquay, to go no further afield. However, to come to more recent times, at the Conquest the manor of Totenais (as so designated in Domesday) was given to Judhael de Totenais. Here, again, is a further complication. Did he adopt the town name or give it his? If he did the latter, then the origin seems to be Norman. But as there is nobody to answer these queries perhaps it is best to let the matter rest. Judhael had many manors —107—in the county and must have been a polished and powerful person. In the days of this Lord the place was of considerable importance, ranking equal with Exeter in the matter of having to pay service when expeditions by land or sea were on. He founded a priory on the north side of the parish church, and he granted this church to the Benedictine Abbey of Saint Sergius and Saint Bacchus at Angers, an alien priory which held the right of presentation up to the Dissolution. Totnes was a walled town in the days of the Conqueror, and portions of this, with two gateways, still exist. There were originally four gates, at the four cardinal points; the north and east now remain.

The parish church of St Mary, already incidentally referred to, is certainly a very striking building, the more so because of its ruddy colour, the material being red sandstone. Whenever it was founded it appears to have been rebuilt, which edifice was consecrated by Bishop Bronscombe in 1259. Whatever may have been the reason, and it would be interesting to know, it was again rebuilt in 1432, when Bishop Lacy granted an indulgence of forty days for those who contributed to the work. Perhaps the reason of the rebuilding may be found in the words: "I made thys Tore," under the niche in the tower, which is supposed to contain a figure of Bishop Lacy, for the church and also the "Tore" stand a memorial to that prelate. And as it now exists it is largely a Perpendicular edifice. Under the oversight of Sir G. Gilbert Scott, restoration was begun in 1867. It has an exquisite rood-screen dating from 1460, and in connection with which it is stated that the restoration has spoiled a most striking effect, by the removal of the gallery, producing an aching void. The church contains numerous interesting mementoes. None of the monastic buildings remain associated with the church, but a part of the priory of St Mary is now the Guildhall, and it can be

with propriety called the old guildhall, because it has been devoted to the use of the Corporation since 1563, the grant being made by Queen Elizabeth. This is truly a guildhall, too, and not a townhall simply, which are frequently wrongly named. Guilds have existed from the days of John, when he, in 1215, gave the place its first charter for a Guild of Merchants. It will be remembered that the Abbot and Convent of Torre were members of this Guild, and there is in existence a memorandum of an agreement between the burgesses of Totnes and the Abbot and Convent of Buckfast in 1236. These monastic members of the Guild were, however, participants in a one-sided bargain, for they might buy though they could not sell. This seems on the face of it to be a hard lot, for the Buckfast fraternity were producers and very active in many ways. This Guild was very well conducted, for its rolls down to 1377 set forth the precedence of each member. After that the Guild developed into a municipal corporation, the rolls showing the proceedings to be those of the Court of the Borough, which were merged into the Court of the Mayor. Record of the election of the first mayor shows the date to be 1377. It has been stated that in order of precedence of

mayors he of Totnes takes first place. So the old town holds a unique position. The mention of guilds suggests merchants, and it is known that great trade was done in Totnes at one time. For such purposes the "rows" or piazzas, or covered ways, served admirably. It is creditable to the town that these quaint structures still exist. If the modern burgesses are well advised they will retain them, and will erect new business, and other, houses in sympathetic architectural accord with the old examples. Its merchants and traders may remember that, dating from the twelfth century its woollen manufactures existed for over five hundred years. Though they do no longer exist, in the same sense, within the borough, the manufacture is localised but a few miles away, and still on the Dart. Charles II. granted a charter for a wool market in 1684, but of course wool must have been bought and sold here before this.

Among the King Edward VI. Grammar Schools of the country that of Totnes has ever maintained a good name. He gave the grant of a portion of the old priory buildings for use of this school in 1554. The premises are not now, however, used in this connection, but as a police station. Still they exist and that is something, and in the opinion

of some are still educational. The school itself is a completely modern building in Fore Street, and it is doing excellent service.

A very unusual distinction, and applying only to three places in Devon—Totnes, Lydford, and Exeter—was the existence of an Anglo-Saxon mint here. No sign of its position is evident now in the borough. A number of coins issued shows that these date from Æthelred II., whose reign began in 979. There is also a penny of Rufus though, naturally, coinage might well be supposed to stop with the coming of the Normans. It may be that the work was done so quietly that few were the wiser, a condition of things showing silence to be golden.

Though no remains of the mint edifice are known, there exists a building which is but little younger—The Castle, which it is said was built by Judhael, because the indications that remain suggest Norman origin. The castle is considered to have been reared upon an ancient British fortress. The keep of the Norman structure exists, though it is thought to be later than the main building was. The walls of the town, close by, date probably from 1265, as at that time permission was given to the burgesses by Henry III. to enclose the town.

As to the castle Leland summarised the condition of it in the days of King Hal thus: "The castelle wall, and the strong dungeon be maintained but the loggings of the castle be cleane in ruine." Hooker in the seventeenth century describes it as "an old ancient castle. . . . it doth not appeare but it was buylded either by the inhabitants of the same for defence of themselffes and of their Towne when before the Conquest the Danes and fforeyn enemyes used invasions and excersysed great cruelties as well in this west countrie as yn other places of the Lande, or by some of the Lordes," which goes to show that there was not much information available. To-day the visitor can see what remains of the castle, and from it get a very fine peep of far-reaching pictorial landscape.

Within easy distance of the ancient borough, away across the Dart by way of Bridgetown, lies the very ancient parish of Berry Pomeroy. The manor may have had a different name under its Saxon owner Alric, who was the last holder when the Conqueror came. Ralph de Pomerai (or Pomeroy) had beside this, the gift of fifty-seven other manors from William. He showed fine judgment and excellent taste in the site for his castle, where, or near, there had been—judging

HAMPSTEAD

from the Biri—defensive works before he arrived. So he reaped where others had, if not sowed, prepared the way. He built a fine fortress-house, the glory of the region all round about, and the finest ruin in Devon to-day; though this, perhaps, is not wholly to his credit—or otherwise. As a family the Pomeroys became of great influence, remaining in possession of the manor and the castle till the western rebellion in the reign of Edward VI., five centuries or so. Then the estate went to the Seymours (in 1547), who hold it now, so that the manor has been held but by two families from the Conquest until this present—a matter of nearly eight and a half centuries or thereabouts. Perhaps Berry may claim to have thus a unique experience equalling that of Totnes. Some of the ruins of the Pomeroy buildings still stand, massive and imposing. Within these ruins are others of a later day, those of the Seymour connection. This building, of quite a different style and order, was never finished, so it is said, but it came to an end by fire. Around the remains are beautiful woods, and nature has strongly asserted herself in the ruins everywhere. Deep below runs a little stream that drives a mill, as it has done probably from the Pomeroy days. The Rev. John Prince was vicar of Totnes for some

years, and also held a like position at Berry for forty-two years, where he wrote that much-quoted work, the *Worthies of Devon*. His description of the ruins of the castle would apply to-day. After a complete and minute description of them, and a reference to the great glory and beauty of the newer portion, he says: "Notwithstanding which 'tis now demolished, and all its glory lieth in the dust, buried in its own ruins, there being nothing standing but broken walls; which seem to mourn their own approaching funerals." He lies buried, with other worthies, and the prince and good fellow of them all, in the parish church he loved so well and so strongly. It dates from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and is believed to have been erected, probably on the site of an earlier structure, by one of the Pomeroys. Many beautiful memorials are there, including a fine screen quite worthy of attention. The village is small but is well placed near the main road from Totnes to Paignton. Legends there are, of course, hanging around the village and the castle, and ghosts haunt the woods o' nights, while the owls cry love-songs to each other, as they circle round the "Wishing Tree." This last is, perhaps, a much-sought object—in the day-time—for those who have longings and hopings.

The rites are simple but not a little difficult of accomplishment. They who attempt them may wonder whether the Pomeroys or the Seymours were the more successful if the tree was then so placed in their times as now.

Totnes is the stepping-off spot for the upper Dart country, after it leaves its moorland birthplace and begins to know its towns. A branch railway runs along the eastern bank of the river to Ashburton, passing as it goes Staverton and Buckfastleigh. The stream is very charming all the way, with long reaches of comparatively smooth water, between which intervene now and again a more dashing and tumbling state of things. The scene in spring is wondrously delightful, with abundance of wild blossoms—daffodils, white and blue violets, wood anemones, primroses, and the little and big periwinkles. Later come a profusion of other things —orchises, columbines, and monkshood by the river brim, and much beside. Then there is always the singing of the river and the accentuation of it when "Dart is up."

Ancient Staverton is a most pleasantly situated village, with an interesting church. Its bridge is an object of picturesque quality, and is more venerated by the intelligent artist and photographer

than by the public generally, except perhaps, occasionally by an antiquary who might wander to this old-world and restful spot. The bridge was erected in 1413, aided, as in other instances mentioned, by the sale of indulgences. The parish church is of early foundation and possesses a very fine screen, beautiful in conception and execution.

Buckfastleigh is the spot now nearest to Totnes where the woollen manufacture which was once the staple industry and trade of the latter, is carried on. The town is not by any means picturesque, as viewed from within, being sufficiently modern to be devoid of that quality, and yet old enough to have a certain softness and greyness that rounds off the hardness it would otherwise present. Viewed from the adjacent higher ground, with the soft light of a summer evening, or when there come alternate sunshine and shade, it is more than ordinarily presentable. It is charmingly surrounded. More than ordinary interest attaches to it because of its famous Abbey of Buckfast, not strictly within the town precincts, but so near that the ordinary person associates it with it. Anciently it was Bucfestre and Buckfaesten, ancient Saxon names indicating the fastnesses of the deer, and the clearness of this meaning is easily seen, for

even now the woods are near by and might hold deer, though they do not. The wood was mentioned in Domesday, and a stag's head is the arms of the Abbey. The foundation of it is not recorded, but some Devonian historians believe that it was in existence before the coming of the Northmen in 787, and was probably the first monastery in Devon, except perhaps Exeter. Baring-Gould expresses the belief that it may have been of Keltic origin, by reason of the several St Petrocks associated with its churches elsewhere. He thinks it may have been founded by that saint, or that it was given to him. It was a very rich monastic building, that is certain, and perhaps even more so than that of Torre. But no religious house in Devon has a more interesting history, and no other has been restored to a living Abbey as this is. Space cannot be afforded for going into the story, because this district is rather outside the field which this writing is intended to cover. Originally a house of the Benedictines, it became allied to the Congregation of Savigny, of the Cistercian order, in 1148. What led to this is not clear. The Pomeroys had much to do with the place after the Conquest. The Order was agricultural and the woollen trade of the district owed

its prosperity to its work. Brooking Rowe says "the Cistercians were the great wool-traders of the times in which they lived, and the owners of large mills." Edward I. visited Buckfast Abbey on 1st April 1297, and the old arch of the Abbey under which he passed is still standing, and all the Edwards in the village can pass under it every day. Indeed many portions of the Abbey buildings are absorbed intact into the woollen mills and dwellings near the present Abbey. Abbot William Slade, a Devonshire man of great learning and an artist, did much to enhance the reputation of the Abbey. He was Abbot in 1413. Slade is a well-known name in South Devon to-day, and he was of their family perhaps. At the Dissolution in 1538 the Abbey and its lands passed to Sir Thomas Dennis. A Catholic historian of the Abbey shows there have been three several revivals of monastic life within its walls—the first between 1112 and 1145, the second in 1145, and the third in 1882. Says he: "On 29th October 1882, when Mass of Our Blessed Lady was said and the Divine Office again chanted at Our Lady's Abbey of Buckfast, began the third and latest of the monastic revivals within its venerable precincts, of which the first came from Savigny and the second from Clairvaux.

Eight months later, on the anniversary of the death of Père Murad, was dated the act of conveyance of Buckfast Abbey to the monks of St Benedict." So thus again the Benedictines are at home, after an absence of seven centuries, and after a period of nearly three hundred and fifty years from the closing of the Abbey by Henry VIII. They are doing much good work and the rebuilding of the Abbey is a first concern of the brotherhood, who are undertaking much of the actual labour themselves. They have some skilled craftsmen among them, and these have the zeal that surmounts obstacles, and with which it is certain they will produce a worthy building. From indications it appears not unlikely that carved wood-work will be an interesting feature. Twenty-five years after they took possession, that is in the summer of 1907, a memorial stone was laid with befitting ceremonies, and these included public preaching by that distinguished cleric, Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J.

The river Dart flows melodiously close by and as of yore, and probably had the Abbey the same right as in other days, the Abbot might have to take action, as he before had to do, against the encroachments and blocking up that had taken

place, so that *salmones, trutes, peles, et alii pisces* could not enter as formerly. But the present Order has no use for fish, and, any way, there are other orders and other Conservators.

The interest of the subject has so much exercised our attention that there is little space left for reference to Ashburton, though as this is still further afield no unfairness can be suggested. The town is quite attractive in many respects, and contains within it strong evidence of prosperity, even if there be no noise, rush, or bustle to disturb the even tenour of its ways. It has a well-deserved reputation for a fine recuperative air, which is very properly shared by the smaller town we have just been dealing with. It is, too, a gate to the moor-land country which it so closely adjoins. It was "Essebretone" in the time of the Domesday survey, and is so mentioned, with a population of sixty. Its modern name is held to convey the meaning that it is the town on the Ashburn. But that stream is now called the Yeo, which is simply a form of the Saxon *ea*, water. Ash, again, is probably a Keltic derivative, from *uisg*, water. *Burn*, again, conveys the idea of water, and is, it is pointed out, rarely used anywhere in Devon except in the Dartmoor district, an example in

point being Dean Burn (the wood and the stream), of which Herrick sings, and situated in the adjacent parish of Dean Prior. This word, dean, is believed to indicate that the river basins were occupied by somewhat isolated bands of Teutonic colonists of differing origin. In the days of Bishop Stapledon (1308) the place was called Aysheperton, and doubtless there have been other variants. The town is old as to foundation, a Saxon manor before the Conquest, held by the Bishops of Exeter. They held it until it was assumed by the Crown in the reign of James I. It has passed through many families and has been divided, but quite recently it has become wholly the possession of the Hon. R. Dawson of Holne Park. The election of a reeve (portreeve) and a bailiff takes place annually, as it has done from its earliest days. The parish church is said to have been founded by Ethelward de Pomeroy in 1137, though some authorities deem it to be collegiate. The chancel is probably of two centuries later than the date named. The edifice is a beautiful building within and of an imposing exterior. Clearly associated with the church is the ancient chapel of the Guild or Fraternity of St Lawrence. This was a cloth-workers' guild founded by Bishop Stapledon, who had a very kind place in

his heart for Ashburton, in 1314. He had secured a market and fair two years before that. There was an episcopal palace here, which may account for the action of the Bishop, without any insinuation of any sort. The Guild had to pray for his soul and those of his successors. And the priest had to keep a free school, which goes to show the Church greatly anticipated the movement of these much later years. What there was of overplus from the endowment was to be used in the "reparacion and maintenance of ledes for the conduction of pure and holesome water to the town of Aysheperton, and upon the relief and sustentacion of such people as are infected when the plague is in the town, that they being from all company may not infect the whole." This shows that the Bishop and the Church showed the way for doing much that in these days involves Acts of Parliament and much talk. Here was a good supply of water provided, poor relief, and isolation in case of an infectious malady. Nothing more complete is done now. When the Dissolution came the wise and far-seeing burgesses bought the chapel and continued the school. It is in successful working to-day. At least three very distinguished pupils have testified to its quality: John Dunning, first Lord Ashburton;

Dr. Ireland, Dean of Westminster; and William Gifford. It has now a strong agricultural side and this department may give it an enhanced reputation. The old seal of the Guild has become the arms of the town, and is thus heraldically described: "On a mount vert, a chapel with a spire, in dexter chief the sun in splendour, in sinister a crescent, in dexter base a teasel, in sinister a saltire." It is to be remembered, too, that the town had a stannary connection, for tin was worked on the moor near by. The place is pictorial in many ways and affords charming studies for the artist; there are many old houses covered in front with slates of quaint patterns, while there are a number of curious ridge tiles of very ancient date and not common design. And there is the most delightful old-time garden at the Golden Lion it is possible to conceive of. But the charms of the locality must no longer detain us.

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KINGSBRIDGE

It will have been observed in what has preceded this that towns widely apart were, in earlier days, connected, and the medium has been the Church, and, in particular, some monastic body. Kingsbridge is such an example, as we shall see by and by. And it is equally interesting to note that in these quite recent days the town and vicinity has become the home of monks and nuns—mainly owing to the action of the authorities in France—a Trappist monastery having been established in the country outside, while a teaching sisterhood is conducting a school in the principal street of the town. The Brotherhood referred to is splendidly successful as agriculturists (and especially as producers of a cheese which is gaining considerable reputation), on land which the predecessors could not coax into equal productiveness.

It is curious that there is no bridge to help the

town to a part of its name, and why the King comes in is not clear either. The town is one of the cleanest and freshest of any in Devon, and has a quiet air of prosperity that has, no doubt, a substantial basis. And there is evidence in the large size of many of the houses in and near the main street, and the appearance of them generally with their ample surroundings, that formerly the prosperity of the place may have been more full than now, business, probably, flowing in other channels, and more into the general trade of the empire, than at present. The town, as well as Salcombe, had formerly a great, or considerable, oversea trade. Kingsbridge is picturesquely placed, a good deal of it on the sides of several slopes, and it is in the midst of a very productive area, full of charm naturally, and with a climate and soil that are the admiration and envy of places not so advantageously situated. A railway wends its way, as do its trains leisurely, by the banks—now on one side and then on the other—of the Avon, which stream, however, does not continue in its company to the town, but departs on its errand to the sea some distance before Kingsbridge is reached. The Avon is a beautiful river, and all the way in which it is neighbourly to the railway the traveller has ex-

quisite peeps. In the spring-time there is no part of Devon more lovely by the wealth of the blossoms somewhat peculiar to this section of the shire. And as for ferns they grow almost as of tropical forest vigour, lasting frequently green all through the winter, with a brilliance of colouring quite undreamed of a few miles away. But this panorama has not so very long been available to the traveller, for it is only a few years ago that a branch line of railway was cut from Brent, on the Great Western system. Before that, the town was reached by coach from Kingsbridge Road, a station on the main line, but one may look in vain for it now in the time-tables—because it is not there. It has been effaced, though it still exists. And in connection with this there is a humorous tint. After the branch from Brent had been opened people who did not think, from force of habit, or who did not know, and who wanted to go to Kingsbridge, booked to the old station (which is one below Brent), and getting out there, found, after the train had left, so were they. So the name of this building was changed to Wrangaton and the trouble ceased, for there was no suggestion of Kingsbridge about it. It enjoys the distinction of being the highest station on the main line of the Great Western Railway.

SALCOMBE
HANNAFORD

But we will get back to Kingsbridge, which is considered to be chief town of the district called the South Hams, though Modbury would rather have it bracketed equal with herself. Kingsbridge really consists of two towns so close together that there is no visible distinction. These are the one named and Dodbrooke. And the latter is deemed the elder. It is conjectured that the first-named should really be Kingsburg (the burg being corrupted into brig or bridge), the latter taking its name from a Saxon thegn—Dodda, but in Domesday it was said to be held by Godeva, widow of Brictric. This must have been by oversight of the Conqueror surely, for most of the Saxon's manors went to Normans, and eighteen of them to Matilda, his wife. Brictric had refused to marry this lady, at her asking, when he was on a mission to Baldwin, Earl of Flanders. After she got these estates there was an exhibition of her manners, and for her revenge she had the Saxon noble cast into prison at Winchester, where he died. Assuredly the Saxon was well out of it. Dodbrooke was granted a fair and market in 1256. There is a pretty legend which, if founded on fact in any way, would seem to suggest that Dodbrooke, conjointly with a Saxon monarch, gave the name to Kingsbridge. He was crossing the brook "Dod,"

but the ground being treacherous some one offered his broad back for the King's use. Whether he was carried over or used the "churl" as the middle pier of a bridge is not said. But the German word for bridge (*brücke*), though it may have been slightly different in Saxon times in England, is nearly enough alike in sound to be confused with the word brook. Sir William Petre had the manor at the Dissolution and it remained with the family till nearly the close of the eighteenth century, passing through other hands since, and is now held by Mr. J. S. Hurrell. The parish church was, as has been mentioned, originally a chapelry. It stands high on the top of the somewhat hilly street that rises from the water, and has a striking clock and tower. The interior is of an interesting character. Mention has been made of the building of a chapelry in the earlier portion of the fifteenth century, but there is the strongest evidence, educed by a trustworthy local historian, for saying that there was a chapel and a chantry in the town—if not exactly on the same site—more than a century before, in 1309. The evidence of the witnesses called to prove this at a court held at Exeter, was to the effect that such an edifice had existed even a century before that. The permission for the Abbot and convent

of Buckfast to build a church toward the close of the fourteenth century came from the Rector of "Chirchstowe," M. de Litlecumb, but it would appear that it was expected the inhabitants of Kingsbridge would visit the mother church at least once a year, the occasion being the Assumption of the blessed Virgin Mary. However burial had to take place at "Chirchstowe," which gave rise to friction, so the building at Kingsbridge was created a parish church, with a cemetery, on 26th August 1414. Fifty years after, a grant was obtained for a weekly market and a three days' fair, by the Abbey of Buckfast. It is said there is a fragment of stained glass of the fourteenth century, with the arms of the Courtenay family, in one of the windows, rather obscurely placed. This family held land here early in the fifteenth century and this piece of glass suggests that this was so earlier still. John Gore in 1528 gave lands to trustees, charged with the buying of cakes, wine, and ale to be spread on a table in the chancel for the priests and other attendants, who were to proceed thence to the font, and there pray for the souls of the donor, his wife, father, mother, etc., who there lay buried; further to pay on every Good Friday, to ten poor people, one penny cash, in honour of the Passion, when

should be sung or said five Paternosters, five Ave Marias, and one Credo; and one halfpenny each to twenty other poor persons for purposes nearly similar. An old drawing dating from the latter end of the sixteenth century showed a Banqueting House of the Abbot of Buckfast, where the Abbot retired for Lent, to be near good fish. Where the King's Arms Hotel now stands was formerly the Church House, of which a number of buildings, in nearly all cases used as inns, exist in the district. In connection with the parish church is a lectureship founded in 1691 by William Duncombe, who, it is stated in an epitaph to his memory in the church, was "the First School Master of the Free Schole in Kingsbridge, and tought thare 28 yeares, and Brought up many Young Gentlemen, who by His Industery became useful members both in Church and state, and dyed the last day of December, 1698, and left All that he had to pious usus." There are other memorials within the church, but one outside, placed there by intent of course, whether of the clerics or by wish of the deceased is not clear, which has been frequently quoted in relation to other churches (where of course it may possibly be found), but which is certainly existent here. It is the inscription *in memoriam* of one "Bone" Phillips (he

may have been a bone-setter) who died, aged 65, on 27th July 1793, and reads thus:

> "Here lie I at the chancel door;
> Here lie I because I'm poor;
> The farther in the more you'll pay;
> Here lie I as warm as they."

Reference was made above to the "Free Schole," the Grammar School which was founded in 1670 by Thomas Crispin, a native of the town who was a successful business man in Exeter. He it was who had appointed Duncombe as master. The lecturership the latter founded still exists. The lecturer's duties were to preach once each Sunday and once a month on a week-day. A street in the town is named after the donor of the endowment.

Though Dodbrooke is generally admitted to be of greater age than her closest neighbour yet the name does not come much to the public eye, because, officially at any rate, the town is Kingsbridge. In 1276 an "assize of bread and ale" was claimed for the manor, together with a Wednesday market, and a two days' fair at the feast of St Mary Magdalene, each of which had been granted by a charter of Henry III. Though the market has gone, yet an annual fair is held on the Wednesday preceding Palm Sunday. There is,

however, a cattle market on the third Wednesday in each month, which is largely attended because the district is richly agricultural. The parish church is dedicated to St Thomas à Becket, which would suggest that this fabric either took the place of an older church, or was re-dedicated. There was a chapel, believed to have been connected with Langewylle House, licensed by Bishop Stafford in 1403, dedicated to St Mary atte Wylle, and there was a hermitage near by seventy-five years later. One of the Champernownes gave by will the sum of eight marks for a priest to say mass in the parish church, a part of the chancel of which has, from time out of mind, been connected with Well (or Wylle) House. The vicar, in 1896, converted this into a chapel dedicated to St Mary atte Wylle, continuing thus the work of his predecessor in 1403, and nearly five centuries later. The church has been restored and added to in modern times. It is considered to be a sixteenth-century building, and has a fine screen.

Kingsbridge probably never was a mayoral borough, and the greatest person in it, after the manner of a mayor, has been the portreeve, who is elected every two years at the manorial court. This official comes down from Anglo-Saxon times.

Whenever it may have first begun to enjoy the dignity of a reeve, it is said that the person holding the post, or others for him, began, after a while, to deem him, and so title him, mayor, for from 1414 to 1425 he was so designated. Then a fit of modesty, or some stronger cause, seems to have caused the superior title to have been dropped—perhaps because it had to be paid for in some way. There is a list of reeves in existence from 1332. In the reign of Henry VIII., whether as a matter of diplomacy or flattery, as he was certainly a monarch who appeared greatly to need money, he, or those about him, seemed to sanction the imputed mayoralty of the town, as when some dues to him were paid, they were acknowledged as from the "mayor" of Kingsbridge.

There are plenty of people in the world, it is said, who would give much for a new drink. This number is generally held to include, mainly, persons born across the Atlantic. Yet it is certain that there are thousands there and in other Anglo-Saxon lands who have not a nodding acquaintance with white ale. It is not a new drink by any means, but it may be in a few years—if it is re-invented. It comes in here in this way. Kingsbridge claims the invention of it, but Dodbrooke

will have none of this, for it is more ancient than the other place, and the drink is perhaps older than either. Any way it was invented at Dodbrooke. Moderns know it not, and the use and manufacture of it is going out. The writer used to see it when he was a boy, but it was not milk for youth. It may be but tradition, or invention, that claims for it an Anglo-Saxon origin. If it were, credit must be given for great inventive powers. It is a thick fluid, possibly a survival of a form of ale once used all over the country. Why has it hung on so long here? However it must have had a great sale at one time, for the rector levied a tithe on it, and this may hold good now, though it does not, probably, produce much. The constituents of this beverage are malt wort, wheaten flour, and eggs, and it is set in fermentation by "grout," which is a preparation the secret of which is a family tradition. It would not appear to be a cheap drink, but old topers have been known to declare it was very——. This is according to temperament, of course. Its charms are not as strong as they were a few years ago.

Many distinguished men have been born in Kingsbridge or associated with it, but space can only be afforded for the mention of one or two. "Peter Pindar," of "Ode" fame—Dr. Walcot—

was born in a house near the quay in 1738. The founder of the Grammar School, Thomas Crispin, saw the light in 1670. William Cookworthy, than whom perhaps not one of the good folk has influenced a craft so much, was a native in 1705. Arising out of his studies as a chemist, and subsequently as a potter, an enormous industry has been developed in Devon and Cornwall, and not a little of the success of Staffordshire in pottery is due to his work and research. He practically created English porcelain by his discovery of kaolin or petunze, and Cornish china-stone. Dr. Cookworthy did much of his work at Plymouth, where he founded a pottery, and made the famous Plymouth china, examples of which are so valuable now. It is interesting to note, in passing, that the Cokeworthie family were holding land close to the manor-house of Kingsbridge in 1528. Dr. Cookworthy's father was a weaver, but though the town was greatly interested in the production of woollen goods in other days, the craft is quite lost there now. Col. Montagu was a resident in Kingsbridge for many years, and he died at Knowle (where the Cokeworthie's land was) in 1815. Of his reputation as an ornithologist it is not necessary to say anything, but the tradition and sequence of his work

is worthily sustained in the town by Dr. E. A. S. Elliot, whose keen observation of birds is borne abundant testimony to from time to time.

From Kingsbridge there are several methods of getting to Salcombe, walking, journeying by coach, or voyaging by steamer—and either of them has charm and enjoyability. The course by road is very pleasant and undulatory, and the views presented at many points of the journey pictorial and far-reaching. The way by water is, of course, altogether different, and it is not strikingly interesting, though it has a character rather of its own. Arriving at Salcombe this way the town comes very suddenly into view, and is rather prepossessing in appearance. No doubt the town at the top of the estuary long ago was more important, in its relation to business "on the great waters," than was Salcombe, but, so far as sea-borne traffic is concerned, probably this latter spot is now quite equal to the more inland place. It is beginning to enjoy a well-deserved reputation as a "port of call," not for merchandise but for health and restoration. It is hardly necessary to point out that this one is of the Devon coombes—though perhaps very different from most of the others. Kelts and Saxons have left their mark hereabouts in the place-names. Here, so it

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is deemed, without straining at a gnat, is the Saltcoombe, the valley near the sea. This carries the origin a good way back, though the designation may of course have had no reference to an aggregation of people or dwellings. But credit is given to a little place across the estuary as having been of earlier origin still—from its name—Portlemouth, the mouth of the port. That the Danes left their impress here is pretty generally accepted, by reason of the influence shown in the matter of names. Probably in early days, as in the case of Dartmouth, the Totnes shore, and elsewhere, the name of Kingsbridge pertained to the whole of the estuary, which was the harbour. This is rather borne out by the request for a naval subsidy in 1347. Though West Alvington is considered the mother church of Salcombe yet the place pertained to that of Malborough (which lies above it to the westward) in 1401, when the independent folk of Salcombe expressed their wish to have a chapel "in the village or hamlet of Salcombe," because as the church of Malborough was two miles away many were debarred from attending. They undertook the support of "fit presbyters" as there was no endowment. The church occupied a site in what is now Market

Street. Leland, who visited for Henry VIII. all the places of importance, or of prospective importance, in this district, was at Salcombe, which he described as "Saultcombe, a fishar towne, and a three miles upper at this Haven Hedde is Kingesbridg, sumtyme a praty town." This shows several things, either that Salcombe is not where it was, Kingsbridge was nearer the mouth of the estuary than it is, or that miles in those days were longer than they are now; and further, that the glory of Kingsbridge had somewhat departed. But seeing that he had not, probably, seen the place before, the statement was prejudiced and libellous. That the sea-dogs of this neighbourhood were not over-particular in their methods, is shown by a report in the days of James I.

In the seventeenth century the shipping of the place was important and numerous, and in the year 1644 to 1645, the customs dues were £5000. It is believed that most of this was paid on fish, and these largely pilchards. Good as must have been this trade it is believed that smuggling was much more enjoyed—and followed. There was a great trade with Newfoundland, and this fact comes into the story of *Under the Great Seal.* Not much of this trade now remains, and perhaps in this Sal-

combe is very little different from other small ports. A local ballad, rescued from oblivion by Baring-Gould and appearing in *Songs of the West*, bears out the impression that the estuary may have been covered by the name Kingsbridge, though it is said there were some troops quartered in that town in 1778–80. It is certainly most curious if this were so, for Kingsbridge and Salcombe have no military character about them, and to bring troops to either place for embarkation, when Dartmouth and Plymouth would be infinitely more convenient, seems to be the height of absurdity. Anyway this is the tenour of the ballad:

"On the ninth day of November, at the dawning of the sky,
Ere we sailed away to New York, we at anchor here did lie.
O'er the meadows fair of Kingsbridge, there the mist was lying grey;
We were bound against the rebels, in the North America.

O so mournful was the parting of the soldiers and their wives,
For that none could say for certain, they'd return home with their lives,
Then the women they were weeping, and they cursed the cruel day
That we sailed against the rebels in the North America.

O the little babes were stretching out their arms with saddest cries,
And the bitter tears were falling from their pretty, simple eyes,

That the scarlet-coated daddies must be hurrying away,
For to fight against the rebels in the North America.

Now God preserve our Monarch, I will finish up my strain;
Be his subjects ever loyal, and his honour all maintain.
May the Lord our voyage prosper, and our arms across the sea,
And put down the wicked rebels in the North America."

The sad facts (!) of the second and third verses are surely based upon poetic fancy, for they suggest that the wives and families of the soldiers were at Kingsbridge or Salcombe—a pretty bill this would have cost. Whether "the meadows fair of Kingsbridge" were really what they looked upon in the dawn or not, Salcombe would be the last town they spied as they passed out beyond the Bolt to the Channel. Nothing very striking is historically associated with Salcombe beyond the very stubborn defence, in the Civil War, of the Castle at the mouth, or rather within the actual entrance, of the estuary. Much interest has been created in determining the date of its erection, and opinion ranges from giving this as the Saxon period down to the time of Henry VIII. It has a very ruinous and tumble-down appearance now, but its decay is not going on so fast as appears to be the case. In 1643 the fort, then known as "Old Bullworke," had an official designation as Fort Charles, was repaired,

victualled, and fortified. This went on for a period of two or three years and in 1646 the bombardment came, the attack being made by Sir Thomas "Fayrefaxe," the Parliamentary general. Sir Edmund Fortescue was defending, with only a small garrison of sixty-six. The fighting was perhaps not strenuous from the outside, so the defence was corresponding, for the proceedings lasted four months, at the end of which Sir Edmund was allowed to retire to his seat at Fallapit, near by. Some very interesting details are given in the account of the victualling and fitting that Sir Edmund undertook in preparation for the evil days —which duly came. He laid in "Sacke" to the cost of £20, ten hogsheads of punch of the value of £10, beer and cider worth over £200, and "rare and good strong waters," £6. Powder, "musquet ball and great shotte," cost far less than the good things mentioned. Of the commoner foods there was good store. Most of the soldiers were local men who went to their homes at the close of the siege, and if this applied also to the men who, according to the ballad, embarked for New York, then it explains the reference to wives and children. No one who goes to Salcombe of course misses the walk out to Bolt Head, or

rather that portion of it which is visible from the town.

It may be well to say here that Salcombe is particularly proud of its climate, the genial and regular character of which is beyond dispute. No place on the south coast of Devon can excel it in this particular. And to this fact is due the glorious wealth of plant life everywhere visible. All the way from the town to the Bolt, in the gardens of the villa residents everywhere are examples of vegetation of exotic and semi-tropic origin, making vigorous growth and giving great charm. Among the plants, trees, and shrubs to be named are: lemon, citron, orange, olive, New Zealand flax, aloe, eucalyptus, cytisus, myrtle, clyanthus, hydrangea, fuchsia, and many plants that elsewhere will not do well out of doors, or which require protection at times.

Before the town proper is left a very fine house overlooking the tideway is seen, and interest in relation thereto is accentuated by the fact that it was for many years the private mansion of Baron Kingsale, and then known as Ringrone House. It is called after one of the family estates in Ireland, with which country the title is, of course, largely associated, as the family was created there by Sir John de Courcy, made Earl of Ulster

in the days of Henry II.—1181. Lord Kingsale enjoys the distinction of having "hereditary right" to remain covered in the presence of the King. This is said to date from the days of John—king and commoner. Sir John already referred to much distinguished himself by great courage in the wars in Ireland on behalf of Henry II. Success in his case evoked the usual jealousy, and through Hugh de Lacie, Governor of Ireland, Sir John was cast into prison, where he was when King John had a difference with the French king. Sir John de Courcy, from prison, being a very skilled swordsman, begged to be allowed to represent the English king in single combat. This was arranged. But the French representative, at the last moment, having knowledge of Sir John's ability, declined the engagement, so it was off and John the king won the trick. After this came an exhibition of skill, at the wish of the French king, and at the command of King John. So strong and skilful was the Briton that he was restored to his dignity as Earl of Ulster and all former honours, with an expression from King John that he could have what he might choose for the asking. It is not recorded what the Earl said, for he must have felt bottled-up while in durance, except that he

wanted no estates or titles, only that he and those that followed him might have the privilege of remaining covered in the presence of his King. This was granted, for the King had given his word. William IV. seems not to have remembered the bargain on one occasion when he met a Lord Kingsale and asked why he remained covered. His lordship replied, "Sire, my name is Courcy," explaining the rest of the story. The insistance on the right has, however, rubbed one or two sovereigns the wrong way. George III. is described as being angry on one occasion and having brought about the uncovering because the Queen was present, a mean way of taking advantage of a properly secured right. A little rumpus took place at a levee held at St James's Palace by Queen Victoria in 1859, when Lord Kingsale was nearly uncovered forcibly by an act of the Gentleman Usher in Waiting, but it was averted by the tact of a gentleman near by. What Lord Kingsale did was not much to grumble at. He uncovered to the Queen, replaced his hat and went his way. He only did what surely he had right to do and which had always been recognised. However Ringrone House is no longer the home of the Kingsales in Salcombe, it has passed into use

as a more public edifice—the Marine Hotel. Of course very few hotels have such a splendid outlook, such exquisite grounds, and such admirable facilities—including its own water-supply of very fine quality. This house and Baker's Well, a private residence which is also alongside the water, present a fine aspect from the harbour. On the way southward to the great headland there is ground, which if not sacred, comes near to it, because of the association of two houses with the life of J. A. Froude, the historian—"Woodville" and "The Moult." He died at the former in 1894, having lived there three or four years. The latter has had a very varied proprietorship, but it came early in the nineteenth century into possession of Lord Courtenay, afterwards Earl of Devon, who resided there on occasions. Mr. J. A. Froude dwelt there subsequently and did a great deal of his literary work in a building which those privileged to see the house will observe is beautifully placed for enjoying the charms of the garden, the landscape, and the sea. The lodge at the entrance to "The Moult" is a very picturesque subject, and the public roadway onward from it toward the Bolt is up a very steep hill, from which beautiful peeps may be had. Indeed from here toward the

sea for a long way the country is exquisite in charm. In the spring-time it is a veritable garden of wild-flowers. There is a drop again of a somewhat sudden character to the coombe and beach of South Sands, where is the Lifeboat Station, the first boat being given in 1870 by Mr. Richard Durant of Sharpham, on the Dart. A gentle ascent beyond leads to the justly celebrated "Courtenay Walk," a very beautiful path through most delightful surroundings, made by a former Earl of Devon, whose house holds considerable land hereabout. Before the entrance to this walk is reached the Bolt Head Hotel is found, which enjoys the distinction of being the only wooden dwelling-house in the parish. Of course such buildings are common enough in all the American inland and sea-resorts, and it is designed and constructed upon similar lines. English opinion may be prejudiced against such a structure, but there are wooden houses in Norway and Sweden which are five centuries old. Be that as it may, the building under notice is one of the most comfortable that can be found anywhere, which the writer discovered some years ago. The outlook from the house is beautiful in every direction, and its contiguity to the woods near by, from which comes perfume of coniferæ of variety

HAMPSTEAD

and beauty, and wherein are found wild hyacinths and primroses in millions, with many other modest blooms, make the situation ideal. Rare blooms are to be found within an easy walk, and it is possible to name a number, but the present rage for rarities of every sort suggests the wisdom of holding a rein here. The common harebell (or hairbell) is said to grow, but we have never discovered it anywhere, yet of course there may be more nimble-eyed observers. Of the orchids perhaps "lady's tresses," "twayblade," and "bird's-nest" would prove attractive to some —but enough has been mentioned. A special and private supply of water comes from a source high above the house, so that it is always amply served. There is a tradition associated with a field near by, the story being that at the Conquest the ancestors of the Bastards of Kitley landed here. So it has never been sold, though all the other land of the family has changed hands. There is a wonderful wealth of honeysuckle, wild-rose, broom, and foxglove hereabouts at the several periods when they are due. This floral profusion has had much to do with the deserved growing reputation of the district as a place for a delightful holiday. Even Americans have testified to this, and have been charmed with the quietude and solace of such an experience.

Where the walk passes through the kissing-gate, the sylvan character of the scene changes and that further on is through some of the wildest and most striking coast scenery on the southern shore. North Devon is justly proud of its Valley of Rocks, but it is no finer, though it may be somewhat different from the scene, say, a quarter of a mile from the kissing-gate already referred to. Sharp Tors is the name of this great pile of rocks. Near by is the legendary site of a Danish encampment. The writer has seen here that mighty crow, the raven, and a member of the columbidæ family, the rock-dove. Space is not available to deal in detail with the locality.

But before leaving this immediate spot reference may be made to the "harbour bar" not the bar of Kingsley, which was, too, a Devon one—ever moaning. Standing upon the high ground above the Courtenay Walk and the Bolt Head Hotel, with evening sun at the observer's back, below, if conditions permit, may be seen the bar which inspired Tennyson to the composition of that wonderfully beautiful poem of his:

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the Bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the Bar."

The grandeur and beauty of this writing will impress itself beyond effacement if the observer keeps his post as the sun goes down, and the delightful tints of eventide extend over landscape, harbour, and sea. Away up the coast bears out a figure of the poem, for there go the ships putting out to sea with pilot aboard, making the adieu to the land at Prawle, going to a bourne whence there may be no return. The singer looked upon the scene of his inspiration from the deck of the famous *Sunbeam*, put at his service by Lord Brassey to aid the poet-laureate's recovery from a severe illness in 1889. Lord Tennyson came to Salcombe on a visit to his friend—J. A. Froude, and it is due to this that the world is richer by a piece of writing which no other scene or circumstance may have called into being.

The district east and west of Salcombe is full of interest. Up the coast is Prawle, already incidentally mentioned, where is Lloyd's signal station. Eight centuries and more ago the spot was referred to as *Prol in Anglia*, a point steered for by navigators. Slapton Ley (or Lea) is a somewhat famous sheet of water, divided from the ocean by a vast pebble ridge, along which runs a fine road, and over which is conducted one of the most popular coach drives in Devon. This beach of pebbles reaches nearly to the Start, the derivative of the name of which headland is believed to be Saxon, if it be not Keltic. A fine lighthouse is here. This rocky spot was the scene of a fearful disaster in the never-forgotten blizzard of 10th March 1891 (of which the writer retains vivid memory) when a great crowd of shipping went ashore here, with much loss of life. Westward the cliff scenery is very marked in character, and inland are many interesting villages and churches. At Aveton Gifford, which marks the navigable tideway of the Avon, is the parish church of St Andrew, an early English structure with a turreted tower, of which Bishop Stapledon was rector when he was translated to Exeter in 1308. His work in connection with the cathedral is considered to have been very valuable.

The bishop's throne was his erection. He was founder of Exeter College, Oxford, and though he was murdered in London his body was, in the end, brought to Exeter, and lies buried in a beautiful tomb, close to the high altar. In this parish at Wakeham House, Archdeacon Froude, father of J. A. Froude, was born. Due north of this village, as the crow flies, about eight miles or so, is South Brent, more generally known in the district as Brent, where is a railway station on the Great Western Railway. This town is the northern limit of the natural district we have been dealing with, where it touches the edge of Dartmoor. Westward of the line we have indicated, going northernly, lie several small places. Of these perhaps Modbury may consider itself the most important, as it has, beyond doubt, in the past held a foremost position as a market-town and a place of trade. The Champernownes, a distinguished Devon family, were resident here from very early times, indeed one of the early members of it founded a priory here attached to a Norman order. But the Champernownes did not come over with the Conqueror. The edges of things had been smoothed a little when they settled here. As early as Edward I. the town sent members to

Parliament. The place has, so it is said, a great taste for music—but perhaps in these days it is not so much "sackbut and psaltery" as brass. This taste was so pronounced in Henry VIII.'s time that he "commanded" Sir Philip Champernowne and his company of musicians to Windsor. And so good were they that the prolonged stay at the "wish" of the King made such inroads on the purse of the commoner that he had, on his return, to sell some manors to put the matter right. It may be taken for granted that King Hal took no note of this; it was not his way. A grandson of Sir Philip had a like compliment paid to him, but he, with a memory of what had been the previous experience, declined. In this case Elizabeth was the sovereign, and this sort of behaviour was not to her liking either. So this Champernowne paid as dearly for not going as his grandfather had for accepting, losing nineteen manors by the Queen's good pleasure, an exhibition of her manners possibly only agreeable to herself. The family is said to have declined from this date. A great trade in cloth was formerly conducted here, and especially at the great annual fair which flourished so long. The church has a striking and peculiar spire. Ermington, a little way off, is but

a small place now, but it was a market-town in 1294. The spire of the church leans in a most remarkable way. The building has traces of Norman work. Ivybridge, like the other places, lies on the most delightful river Erme. It has been said that an ancient name of the town is Pont d'Hedera, and if this is so it seems to suggest existence in pre-Norman days. Of course the place takes its name from the bridge that spans the Erme here, and there is a curious thing in connection with it—four parishes touch it—Ermington, Cornwood, Harford, and Ugborough. Though there is much that is modern very near the Erme, yet for two miles from this bridge there is a succession of beautiful pictures of the most tempting character, and some of them are within ten minutes of the town or the railway station. Up the river some four miles or so is Harford, the birth-place of John Prideaux, Bishop of Worcester (1578–1650). He was a candidate for the post of parish clerk at Ugborough and was of the rejected. Being sadly upset he trudged off to Oxford, there to secure the post of kitchen-drudge at Exeter College. Sixteen years later he was its Rector and in 1641 he became Bishop of Worcester. This says much for his ability and the power of one of the people to reach

high places, and, incidentally, shows Devon boys to the good. But this is a digression, for we are making for our final link in the circle we have been making—Brent. This moorland border town owed much of its former prosperity to its identification with the great woollen industry which, aforetime, was so prosperous in this district. But all connection of that sort is gone from Brent now, and it would be a good thing if the hum of the loom could be heard again in the homes of its people—perhaps. For it sometimes appears as though, in these days, crafts that call for care and painstaking are by no means welcomed. However the days of spinning at home are unlikely to recur, though there is no earthly reason why certain towns may not create wool fairs. Great flocks of sheep can be kept on the moor at a modicum of cost, except that they may not winter there. Brent has a reputation as a centre where Dartmoor ponies may be bought, in the same way as that Bampton and its fair is the great centre for Exmoor ponies. The pony fairs of Brent draw a large attendance. And the town is vying with Totnes in its recently established pannier market. It can hardly be said, however, that there are signs of great vitality in the place. Of course, on occasion, and these do

arise, there is plenty of life in the little town, but it cannot be discovered that the life is strenuous. Though to some extent sheltered from certain winds by the moorland heights behind it, yet Brent is decidedly bracing, with a fine restorative air. It is placed high, and consequently its folk are a sturdy healthy race. In many respects the town is almost suburban to Plymouth, as Ivybridge is, too, and this fact has been helpful to its increasing prosperity. Though it must, probably, be a very ancient place it looks merely old, and not greatly picturesque at that. The fact that the church is dedicated to a British saint—St Petrock—seems to indicate that a building was here before the present one, which, while certainly ancient, is principally Early English, though the tower is Norman possibly. It includes a lady chapel and is interesting within, including two piscinæ, a Norman font, and some church plate of great age. The church was in possession of the Abbots of Buckfast, who had been possessors of the manor, too, from before the Conquest. Great Aish, which is associated with the manor, was in the reign of Richard II. described as "Esse Abbot" (may this freely be translated as Abbot's Ash?), and in the seventh year of that monarch was valued at 15s. 6d. The whole manor

of South Brent was valued in the taxation of Pope Nicholas, 1288–1291, at £9, 15s. 4d. Of course at the Dissolution it went into other hands—in this case Devonian, falling to the lot of Sir William Petre, Knight. He was a man of considerable attainments and ability, and had risen to the post of Clerk of Chancery and Master of Requests, and was a member of the Commission appointed by Henry VIII. for the visitation of the monasteries. The family of the Petres held the parish for many generations and centuries, until in 1805, the eleventh Baron Petre, of Writtle, sold a great portion of the estate, though retaining the manorial rights. Passing through several hands the manor became the property of the father of the present holder, Mr. J. R. T. Kingwell, who resides at Great Aish. Mr. Kingwell takes keen interest in the breeding of Dartmoor ponies. The influence of the Petres is found in the survival of the names "Petre's Bound Stone," "Petre's Cross," and "Petre's Pits," all of which are on Brent Moor. Close to the church tumbles and roars the noisy Avon, here passing under a bridge of two arches. There are splendid pictures from the bridge all the way to the moor, and the angler will enjoy triumphs along its rugged course.

HAMPSTEAD

He, or the wanderer who seeks fresh air or fresh themes for pictures or pen, will find much to his taste, and especially if he be archæologically minded, for above Shipley Bridge there are a number of hut-circles and other ancient remains. On the moor the river is not infrequently spoken of as the Aune, perhaps reminiscent of the title given by the dwellers in the circles mentioned. As the course of the traveller winds upwards he will find, on looking southward, as vast a view of South Devon as he may get on its inward borderland. Its further eastward limits may not be seen because intervening high ground prevents, but he will look over a great area rich in the special characteristics that have been pointed out as typical of the district —green lanes, woods, coombes, hills and valleys, rivers and brooks, snug farmsteads, picturesque cottages, and over all the glamour and charm of harmonious colouring.

It is noteworthy that near this district, where we take leave of our subject, is an area particularly rich in antiquities that pertain to the earliest races, and on the moor, not far away, may be found traces of the ancient ways that led to and from the great religious houses at Buckfast, Plympton, Buckland, and Tavistock. But to many the

prehistoric remains have greater interest, and so Brent may have an added importance as an area of study and recreation. It is rather a pity that Zeal Pool, and the cascades of the Avon near by it, not far from Didworthy Bridge, are not more easily visible to the intelligent visitor, he who is not destructive but simply observant. But probably permission could be obtained for the sight of a natural picture which, though not grand, is very agreeable indeed. Above these falls, say perhaps less than half a mile away, is another of picturesque quality. The Red Brook falls into the Avon near Didworthy Bridge, and round about Henchertraw, on it, Crossing, in his *Gems in a Granite Setting* (a charming volume, suffused—letterpress and pictures—with the moorland air), has woven a legend associated with the life of a tinner and a maiden, whereof the end is sad. The scene is, so that writer says, now as it was in those long-back, far-off days, and—"Still sings the little river, and the heather blossoms on its banks as of old. And still the ferns nod as the spray from the cascade lights upon them, and the quick-beam quivers in the summer breeze. . . ."

"If when we linger by the stream
Its tale it could but tell,
What light upon the past would gleam,
On that of which but now we dream,
On what of old befell.

. . . . .

"But when we linger by the stream
Its tale of times long flown
It tells us not: we only seem
To see the past—'tis but a dream;
To-day is ours alone."

South Devon has been so long peopled with races that have followed each other, making in every case their individual mark, that though, in the sentiment of the writer just quoted, the past is "but a dream," yet it is one of beauty, and to-day is a delightful possession with such story behind it. Let them who love legend, romance, and beauty not overlook the district with which we have attempted to deal.

PUBLIC
HAMPSTEAD
LIBRARIES

INDEX

	PAGE
Abbey of Buckfast	164
Abbots' and other Ways	205
Abbotskerswell	64, 143
Æthelred II.	159
Ailric	33, 34, 160
Aish, Great	203
All Saints	135
Aller Vale Pottery	144
Alwin	131
Anglo-Saxon Mint	159
Anseger	103
Anstis Cove	66
Armada	47
Arviragus	27
Ashburn, The	168
Ashburton	168
Lord	170
Assize of Bread and Ale	179
Atyard, Rodger	134
Aune	205
Aveton Gifford	198
Avon, The	13, 20, 173
Axminster	37
Babbacombe	23, 64
Benedictines	165, 167
Berry Head	24, 81
Berry Pomeroy	81, 160
Bidder, George P.	14
Big Lanes	1
Bishop's Stone	14
Tower	7
Walk	2
Bishopsteignton	11
Bitton House	12
Boats of the Romans	10
Bolt Head	19, 18
"Bone" Phillips	17
Bovey Tracey	14
Bradley Manor	13
Brent	17
Brictric	33, 17
Bridgetown	16
Brito, Alured	13
Briwere, Richard	3
Lord	37, 5
Brixham	21, 24, 8
Singers	8
Bronscombe, Bishop	150, 15
Browne, William	
Brutus the Trojan	15
Buckfast	13
Fraternity	15
Buckfastleigh	16
Buckhorn	8
Butter Walk	10

	PAGE
"Calculating Boy," The	149
Carews	65
Cary, Sir George	41
Chamber of Commerce	45
Champernownes	66, 87, 199
Chapel Hill	53
Charles I.	101, 104, 138
Charles II.	83, 101, 105, 151, 158
Charm of Greenery	7
Chaucer's Day	19
Chudleigh	150
Rocks	150
Cistercians	165
Civil War	14
Clarence, Duke of	88
Clark, William	96
Cleaves, Deep	12
Cliffords	65
Clifton	94
Cob-Walls	15
Cockington	41, 60, 69
Court	61
Coffinswell	64, 143
Commerce, Chamber of	45
Compton Castle	47, 69, 108
Pole	70
Compton, Joan	70
Cookworthy, William	183
Coombe Cellars	122
Cornwood	201
Courcy, Sir John de	190
Court of the Guild	45
Courtenay Park	140
Sir William	139
Walk	194
[illegible]rdale, Miles	74
[illegible]in, Thomas	179, 183
[illegible]cade, Third	100
Daccombe	149
Daddy Hole Plain	25
Daffodils	9
Dancing Tree	149
Danish Encampment	196
Dart, The,	19, 74, 106, 153, 158, 167
Dartmoor	111
Dartmouth	25, 51, 92
Dawlish	112, 113, 125
Water	18, 126
Dawson, Hon. R.	169
Dean Burn	169
Dean Prior	169
Deep Cleaves	12
Den	111
Denbury	145
Dennis, Sir Thomas	166
Devon, Earl of	149
Rosery	63
Devonshire Cottages	15
Hedge	14
Lace	121
Lane	10
Didworthy Bridge	206
Dittisham	105
Dodbrooke	175
Dodda	175
Drake, Sir Francis	48, 50, 98
Duncombe, William	178
Dunning, John	170
Dunster Castle	83
Dwelling in Torquay, Oldest	60
Edinburgh, Duke of	101
Edward I.	95, 96, 145, 166, 199
Edward II.	70, 94
Edward III.	94, 97, 104, 122

PAGE

Edward VI. . . . 40, 161
Edward VI. Grammar School 158
Edward the Black Prince . 46
Edward the Confessor 84, 114, 131, 133
Elfridiswelle 35
Elizabeth (Queen) . 138, 157, 200
Encampment, Danish . . 196
Roman . . . 27, 66
Endymion 119
Englescheville, Theobald de . 133
l'Ercedekne, Sir John . . 65
Erme, The . . . 46, 201
Ermington 200
Exeter 14, 27, 46
College, Oxford . . 199, 201

Fairfax, Sir Thomas 139, 147, 189
Falesia, William De . . 61
Fern Paradise, The . . 8
Life 9
First Monastery in Devon . 165
Fishing Craft . . . 82
Fitz, Stephen Gilbert . . 96
Fleet of Fishing Craft . . 82
Fleete 43
Forde House 137
Fortescue, Sir Edmund . 189
Foss Way 14
"Free Schole in Kingsbridge" 178
Froude, J. A. 193
Fuller 14

Galmpton 81
Garden of England . . 8
Gaverock, John . . . 131
George III. 192
Ghosts 48
Gifford, William . . . 171

PAGE

Gilbert, Sir John . . . 47
Jeffery 70
Otho 70
Sir Humphrey . . 70, 107
W. S. 75
Godebold 133
Godeva 175
Godwyne 14
Goodrington . . . 74, 81
Grandisson, Bishop 118, 123, 125, 148
Great Aish 203
Great Storm 26
Greenway . . . 81, 107
Guild, Merchants' . . . 45
of St Lawrence . . . 160

Haccombe 65
Haldon 110, 123
Hardnesse 94
Harford 203
Harold (King) . . . 14
Harts, Mussons of . . . 3
Hawley 9
Heath, Francis George . . 8
Heathfield 15
Hele 6
Hennock 5
Henry I. 9
Henry II. 19
Henry III. . 94, 114, 159, 17
Henry VII. 9
Henry VIII. 36, 39, 40, 84, 87, 101, 116, 131, 167, 181, 200, 20
Herrick 16
Highways 1
Hollow 1

	PAGE
Highweek	130, 135
H.M.S. Pinafore	76
Hollow Highways	15
Holy Trinity	103
Hooker	160
Hope's Nose	23, 24
Howard, Lord	47
Ilsham	56
Immemorial Antiquity	11
Improvement Commissioners	41
Inscribed Stone	148
Ipplepen	145
Ireland, Dr.	173
Ivybridge	201
James I.	27, 43, 131, 138, 169
John	94, 96, 100, 191
Julius Cæsar	99
Keats, John	119
Kent's Cavern	21, 22, 31, 57
Kingsale, Baron	190
Kingsbridge	19, 172
Road	174
Kingskerswell	64, 143
Kingsley, Charles	29
Kingsteignton	113, 145
Kingswear	108
Castle	109
Kirkham Chantry	74
Labrador	122, 145
Lacy, Bishop	132, 135, 156
Lady Well	64
Land of the King's Thanes	33
Servants	34
Lanes, Big	10
Last Mass	134
Leger, St	40
Leland	36, 42, 101, 115, 186
Lemon, The	130
Leofric	75, 114, 125
Lidwell	124
Livermead	42
Local Board	41
Londonderry, Lord	40
"Luke's"	145
Luny	119
Lustleigh	147
Cleave	148
Luttrells	83
Lydford	159
MacEnery, Rev. J.	58
Maidencombe	64
Malborough	185
Marldon	69, 72
Bells	73
Marriage	10
Marriot, Rev. John	10
Mass, Last	134
Maurice (Prince)	99, 101, 104
Meadfoot	57
Merchants' Guild	45
Milber Downs	142
Woods	142
Modbury	1, 175, 199
Mohun, Reginald de	37
William	37
Montagu, Col.	183
Moretonhampstead	149
"Moult, The"	193
Murad, Père	167
Mussons of Harts	36

	PAGE
Napoleon III.	28
Napoleon the Great	23, 28
Ness	19, 23, 111
Nethway House	83
New College, Oxford	31
Newnham Abbey	37
Newton Abbot	19, 64, 111, 129
Newton Bushell	130
Oddicombe	64
Ogwell	64
Mill	137
Oldest Dwelling in Torquay	60
Orange, William of	27, 48
Ordulf	133
Original Roads	7
Paignton	73, 79
Names of	74
Palk, Sir Robert	41
Parliament House	91
Parson and the Clerk	127
Pembroke, Earl of	75
Pengelly, W.	22, 58
"Peter Pindar"	182
Petitor	64
Petre, John	40
Sir William	176, 204
Phillips, "Bone"	178
Pirates of Penzance	75
Plymouth China	183
Plympton	148
Pollard	40
Pomerai, Ralph de	160
Pomeroy, Ethelwalde de	169
Portlemouth	185
Portland Bill	24
Praed, W. Mackworth	119
Prawle Point	19, 198
Premonstratensian Order	35
Prideaux, John (Bishop of Worcester)	201
Prince, Rev. John	101
Princess Gardens	63
Pudding	78
Queen of Watering-places	22, 44
Quay Lords	83
Radway	123
Ralegh, Sir Walter	14, 70, 108, 109
Red Brook	206
Rede, Abbot	39, 103
Reynell, Sir Richard	133, 138
Richard I.	98
Richard II.	203
Richard Cœur de Lion	100
Ridgeway, John	40
Ringmore	121
Ringrone House	190, 192
Rivers of South Devon	6
Rock Walk, The	28
Roman Ashlar Work	132
Encampment	27, 66
Road	13
Royal Navy	28
Runnel	12
Sacrifice of the Ram	146
St Andrew	198
St Clement	103
St George and St Mary	61
St John the Baptist	123, 148
St Leonard's	136
St Margaret	96
St Mary	156

PAGE

St Mary Atte Wylle . . 180
St Marychurch . . 32, 60
St Mary Magdalene . 103, 179
St Michael's . . 53, 116, 126
St Nicholas 121
St Petrock . . . 104, 203
St Saviour's . . 35, 56, 103
St Thomas à Becket . . 180
Salcombe . . 19, 46, 173, 184
Castle 188
Salus et Felicitas . . . 31
Sandridge 108
Sancte Marie Cherche . 32, 60
Saxon 60
Seaton 24
Select Vestry 41
Seymour . . . 40, 161
Sir Edward . . . 46
Shaldon . . . 111, 121
Sherborne 131
Shipley Bridge . . . 205
Sharp Tors 196
Shovel, Sir Cloudesley . . 27
"Sire, My name is Courcy" . 192
Slapton Ley 198
Slade, Abbot William . . 166
Smallest Parish . . . 65
Smallacombe Goyle . . 123
Spanish Barn . . . 47
South Brent 199
South Devon, Glamour of . 4
Railway 79
Rivers of 6
South Sands 194
Stafford, Bishop . . . 180
Stapledon, Bishop . 169, 198
Start 198
Staverton 163

PAGE

Stoke, Gabriel . . . 108
Stokeinteignhead . . 121, 122
Stowell, John . . . 40
Strong, Rev. Charles . . 28
Submerged Forest . . 22
"Sunset and Evening Star" . 196

Tame 113
Teign, The . . 19, 111, 130
Teignmouth . . 1, 18, 27, 110
Tengewick 133
Tennyson at Salcombe . . 197
Tewkesbury, Nicholas de . 95
Thatched Roofs . . . 15
"'Tis but a Dream" . . 207
Tor Abbey . . 32, 35, 40, 41
Torbay . . 19, 21, 24, 29, 51
Tor-Brewere 34
Tor-Brian 34
Tor Key . . . 31, 42
Tormohum . . 37, 39, 42, 61
Pottery 67
Torquay . . . 1, 21, 24
Torre (Thorre, Tor) . . 33
Torwood 41
Totnes . . . 45, 108, 152
Totnes Castle . . . 159
Totenais, Judhael de . . 155
Townstall 102
Trappist Monastery . . 172

Ugbrooke . . . 65, 151
Ulfus 83
Ulgeburge 130
Ulster, Earl of . . 149, 190

Varwell 88
Vesey, Bishop . . . 75

	PAGE
Vespasian	27
Vestry, Select	41
Victoria (Queen)	101, 192
Virgin Mary	104
Wadham College, Oxford	148
Wadham, Nicholas	148
Walcot, Dr.	182
Waldon Hill	63
Watcombe	64, 66
Water Supply	50
Waymouth, Thomas	56
Wellswood	57
West Alvington	185
Whiddon, Capt. Jacob	47
White Ale	181
White Monks	37
Whitepot	76
Whitfeld, Rev. H. J.	72
Whitwill or Whitewell	12
Wild Strawberry Garden	14
William IV.	101, 192
William of Orange	27, 48, 82, 88, 13
William the Conqueror	11
Windmill Hill Cave	2
Wishing Tree	16
Wolborough	35, 130, 13
Wolfhard	1
Women Auctioneers	8
Worth	2
Wrangaton	17
Yarde, Richard	13
Yonge, Dr.	7
Zeal Pool	20

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